THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXII—No. 1460

DECEMBER 9, 1931

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JANE GORDON on THE NEWEST FASHIONS

the BYSTANDER

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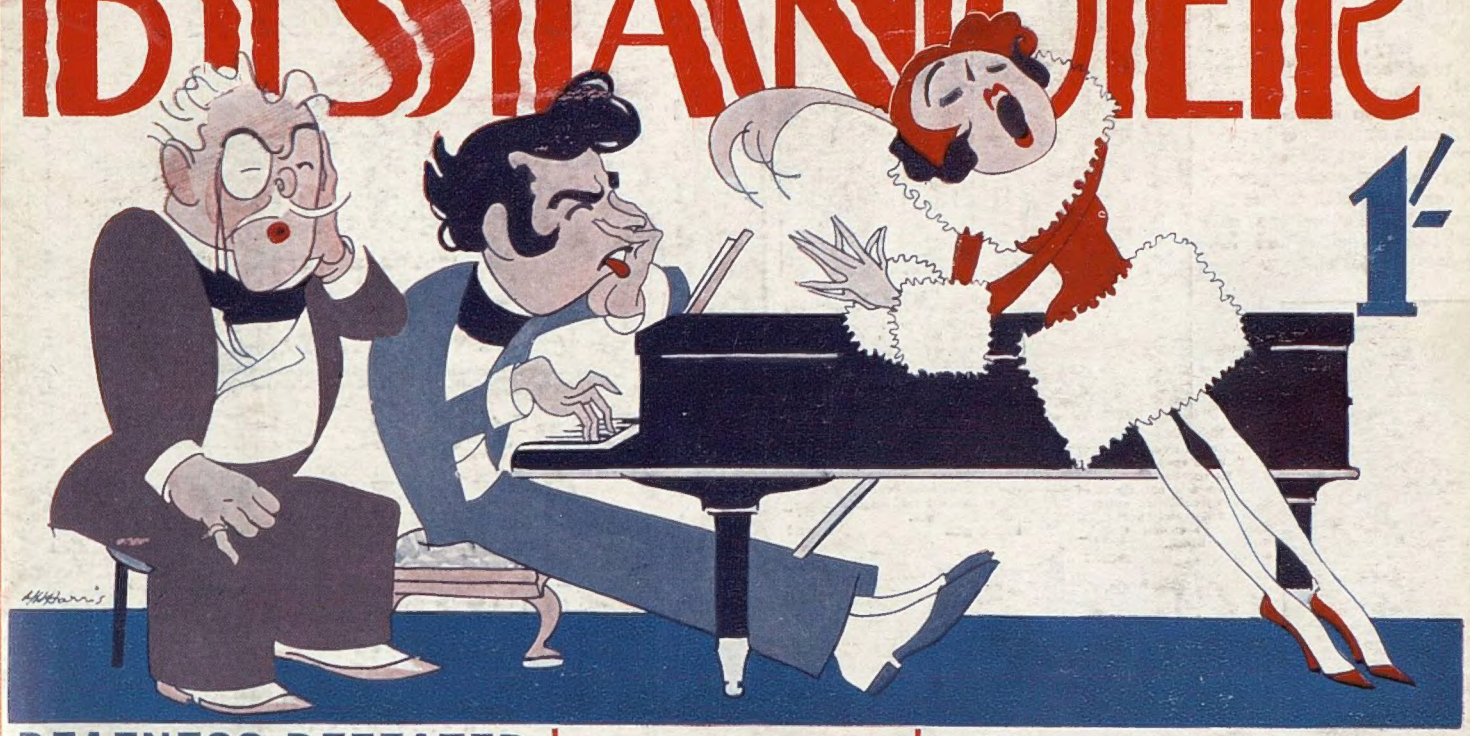
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The Bystander, December 9, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1460. Vol. CXII.

Madame Yevonde

LADY VERONICA BLACKWOOD

Whose wedding to Mr. Antony Hornby will take place on the Thursday of next week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, seen with her little dog, Young Woodley. She is the only sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava

FOUR RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

Paul Tanqueray

Left: A new portrait of Miss Molly Le Bas, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs Edward Le Bas, who is engaged to Major Montagu Brocas Burrows, D.S.O., M.C., Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. The marriage will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, some time next March

Lenare

Right: Miss Margaret Elwes, whose engagement to Mr. Eric Sanders, only son of the late Mr. J. D. Sanders and of the Hon. Mrs. Sanders, has been announced. She is the elder daughter of the late Mr. Gervase Elwes, the famous oratorio tenor, and of Lady Winifred Elwes

MISS RUTH BOWDEN *Bertram Park*

Daughter of Sir Harold Bowden, Bart., of Bestwood Lodge, Nottinghamshire, and Mrs. Russell Young, of Bishop's Lodge, Windsor, whose engagement has lately been announced to Mr. C. B. Wray, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Castell Wray

MISS JOAN PITT CHATHAM *Bassano*

Only daughter of the late Mr. William Pitt Chatham, also a well-known singer, and Mrs. Pitt Chatham, who will be married on January 11 to Mr. Guy Alexander Wainwright, younger son of the late Dr. R. S. Wainwright and Mrs. Wainwright

A photograph taken at the shoot given by Sir Gomer and Lady Berry at Dipple Lodge, Hall Barn, Beaconsfield. In the back row are, from left to right, Viscount Burnham, M. Flandin, the French Minister of Finance, Mr. G. Lionel Berry, Sir William Max-Muller, M. Louis Hauzeur, Sir Gomer Berry, Lord Camrose, the Rt. Hon. J. C. C. Davidson and Mr. R. A. Walter. Seated are seen Mrs. J. C. C. Davidson (left), Mrs. R. A. Walter, Mme. Louis Hauzeur, Mme. Flandin, Lady Berry, Lady Max-Muller and Lady Camrose

the passing hour

LAST Tuesday seemed a very popular day for birthdays. At the Embassy Club there were two separate birthday parties—one of which was a double one. One large party was in honour of Sir Anthony Welldon's twenty-ninth birthday. Lady Milbanke, Miss Patricia Richards, Lord Brecknock and Mrs. Pop d'Erlanger were among the guests. The double one was that of Miss Margaret Whigham and myself. Neither of us realised it until dinner time. Peter, however, produced a birthday cake from nowhere.

IT so happened that a well-known astrologer had just announced his prognostications for those born on that day. He said that it involved money either as a result of hard work or a lot of luck, but there was a grave danger of loss through faulty investments or treachery. It will be interesting to see if this comes true.

AFTER the Embassy, which was crowded, our party went on to the Bobbin, which, despite the recent raid, was also crowded and extremely gay. Trays appeared from nowhere on the dance floor, and Gordon Richards, the winning jockey, had brought on a large number of his brother jockeys and their friends. One of them, who shall be nameless, wore a large green carnation. Probably for a bet, I should think. Incidentally, Miss Whigham tells me that she is going to spend the winter in Egypt. She is now nineteen.

THERE is no doubt that the Midnight Ballet Party on December 15 is going to be the smartest affair of the Little Season, smarter even than the All Hallowe'en Ice Carnival. The Prince of Wales and Prince George will both be

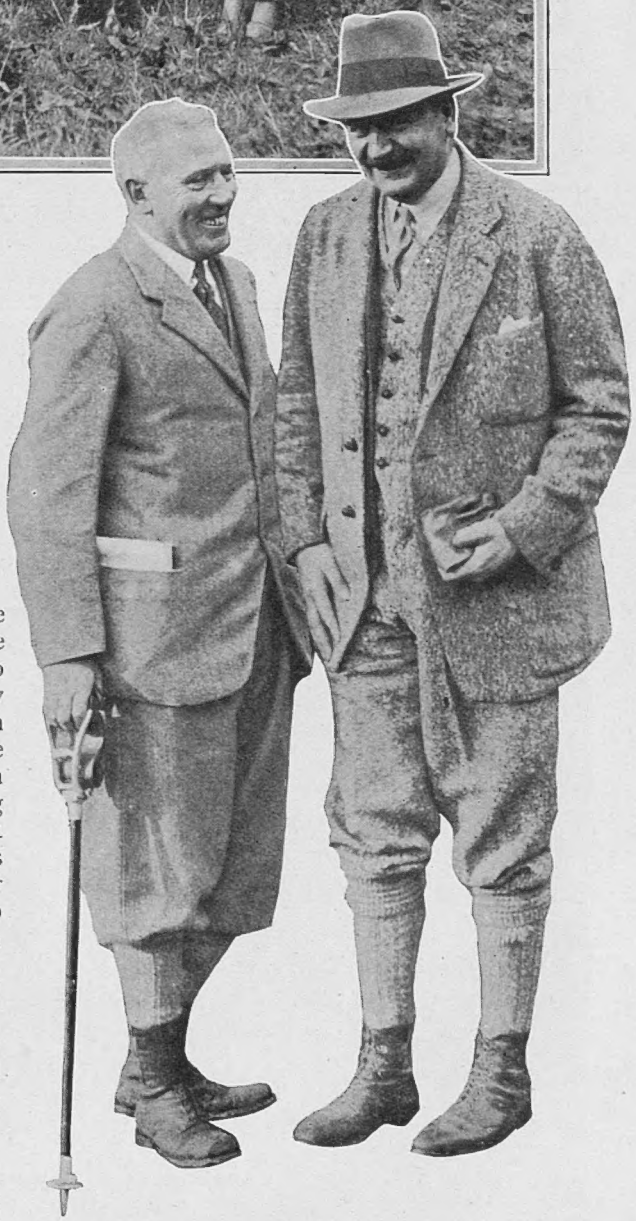
(Continued on page 477)

OUR SPECIAL RIVIERA NO.

will be on sale next Wednesday, December 16.

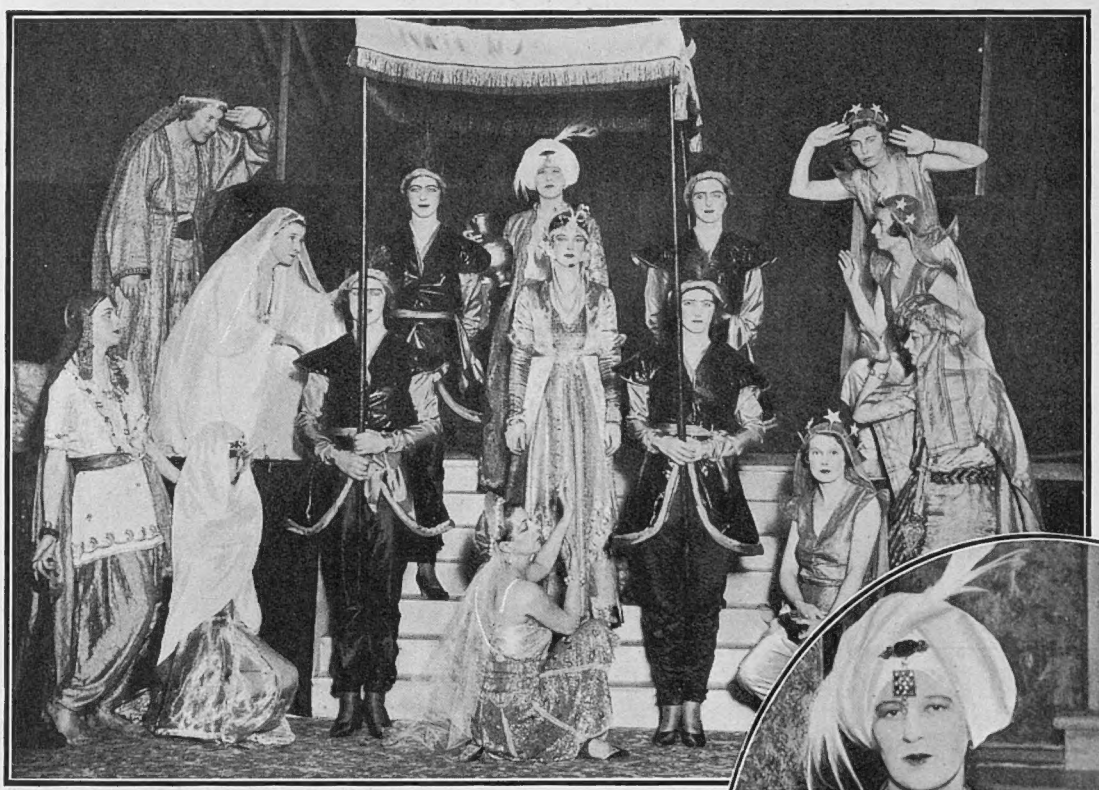
It will include special articles and pictures and a striking coloured cover in addition to all the usual features at the cost of

ONE SHILLING



Lord Camrose chatting with M. Flandin at the shoot given by the former's brother, Sir Gomer Berry. Although the visit of the French Minister of Finance was announced to be for the sole purpose of potting birds it was generally agreed that, with Tariffs so much in the air, our visitor was interested in considerably bigger game, and the polite fiction was promptly recognised and received as such

THE "PERSIAN MARKET" at Grosvenor House



ENTER THE SULTANA

On the left is seen the final episode in the "Persian Market," presented by members of Society at Grosvenor House last week in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society. Lady Moira Combe as the Sultana is seen with other performers in the finale

Lady Helen Hay, the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, as the Water Carrier, and Miss G. Macrie as the Maiden in the "Persian Market" at Grosvenor House

Above: Three more performers in the "Persian Market," which was attended by the Duchess of York. They are Miss Daphne Caldwell, Miss Memope Balfour and Miss Margaret Thesiger

Right: Sisters Three. Miss Dodo Annesley, Mrs. Nigel Norman and Miss Sheila Annesley as they appeared in the "Persian Market." They took the parts of Persian boys

THE MIDNIGHT BALLET PARTY

The Duke and Duchess of York inspecting the Prince of Wales' prize-winning heifer, Towan Snowdrop, at the Birmingham Christmas Fat Stock Show. With them is Lord Daresbury, who was formerly Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.

(Continued from page 475)

there. In the front row of the Royal Circle, where the two Princes will sit, parties are also being brought by Sir Julien Cahn, the Czecho-Slovak Minister, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Lady Howard de Walden, Mrs. Humphrey Butler, Lady Lisburne, Mrs. James Horlick and Mrs. Walter Forrest.

IN the three rows behind, parties are being brought by Lady Rosslyn, Mrs. Carl Bendix, Mrs. Norman Holden, Lady Douro, Lady Wimborne, Mrs. Humphreys-Owen, Mrs. Bossom, Lady Baron, Mr. Maurice Behar, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Carisbrooke, Miss Dorothy Paget, Sir Samuel and Lady Sophie Scott, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, Lady Milbanke, Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, and Mrs. J. M. McLoughlin.

IN the stalls will be Lady Oppenheimer, Lord and Lady Derwent (who have just come down to Town from Hackness Hall, Scarborough), Jeannie Lady Naylor-Leyland, Madame Hemeleers-Shenley, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Lady (Ian) Hamilton, Baroness Emile d'Erlanger, Mrs. Heneage, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Scott, Lady Lyle, Brenda Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava (who will be bringing Lady Veronica Blackwood and her fiancé, who are to be married two days later), the Hon. Mrs. Edwin Montagu, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney, Lady Tweeddale, Mrs. Claude Hawker, Lord and Lady Reading, and Mrs. E. E. de Winton Wills.

OTHER members of the audience to be present at the Midnight Ballet Party include Mrs. Charles Cartwright, Sir Herbert Austin, Lady Fitzgerald, Mrs. J. B. Sainsbury, Mrs. Francis Alston, Lady Eckstein, Princess Obolensky, Mrs. Arthur Woolley-Hart, Lady Lacon, the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, Mrs. Herman Andreae, Mrs. Eugen Spier, Mrs. Arnold Ellert, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Glyn, the Dowager Lady Harcourt, Lady Kent, Sir Albert and Lady Levy, Mr. Anthony Asquith, the Lady Esher, Lady Cheylesmore, Lady (Edgar) Bonham Carter, Mrs. Euan Wallace, Mrs. Robert Fleming, Lady Lloyd Mostyn, Lady Rothband, the Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh, Lady Hamond-Græme, the Hon. Lady Meade and Mrs. Carl Holmes.

Douglas

THE HON. ELIZABETH CHOLMONDELEY

The five year old daughter of Lord Delamere, who succeeded to the title last month on the death of his father, the third Baron, in Nairobi. Her mother is the daughter of Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the brother of the Duke of Buccleuch

REFLECTIVE MOMENTS

Miss Moyra Charlton, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Brigadier-General C. E. C. G. Charlton, of Takeley, Essex, with her hunter, Fancy, and dog, Patch. She has already two books to her credit, "Tally Ho," the story of an Irish hunter, which was reviewed in "The Eytander," and "Patch," the story of a mongrel, the hero of the latter being seen above

AN AMUSING COCKTAIL PARTY

NORMALLY, I think it very dull to give a mere string of names. In this case, however, you will agree that it is justifiable. Mr. Seymour Leslie is certainly the ace of hospital organisers, and he has persuaded the Elstree people to make the occasion the world première of the new talkie "Mischief," with Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls, and Winifred Shotter in the leading parts. The venue will be the Carlton Theatre, and the date is December 15.

A photograph taken after the christening at St. Columba's, Pont Street, of Mr. and Mrs. A. Beverley Baxter's little son, Clive, who was born on Empire Day; so it was particularly appropriate that Lord Beaverbrook (seen on the left) should be his godfather! Next to Lord Beaverbrook is Dr. Fleming, who officiated, and on the right is Mrs. Beverley Baxter and the very obviously proud father

Marian Lewis

Mrs. Robert Cunningham-Reid, who is on the committee of the Children's Matinee being organised by Mr. Gilbert Russell and Lady Carlisle in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, which will take place at the Phœnix Theatre on December 17. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's eldest son, Michael, is taking part in the performance. Her other son, Noel, was born last Christmas

THIS has been very much a week of charity arrangements. Louis Greig, his brother, and Harry Preston gave a large luncheon party for the Amateur Boxing Tournament at the Albert Hall, which also takes place on December 15. Each of the guests at the luncheon was given a couple of ringside seats. The events include fights between the representatives of all the fighting services, as well as of the Civil Service, which does not live up to its name in the ring. The various police forces will also take a bang at each other.

IN our last week's number we published a photograph of Miss Marjorie Susanne du Cros and described her as the daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady (Maude) du Cros. The caption should have read as the daughter of Lady du Cros, and not as printed. We very greatly regret the error and hasten to apologise to Lady (Maude) du Cros for any inconvenience that this may have occasioned her and her family.

ONE of the many cocktail parties given last week was that of Miss Le Bas in Bryanston Square. Miss Le Bas is a very fine sculptress, and has exhibited with great success. With the exception of Clare Sheridan and Lady Hylton Young, I can think of no other feminine exponent of this art.

AT this party I met Mr. Jim Lawrence again, who tells me that he is definitely not engaged to Miss Betty Fletcher-Mossop after all. I also met a girl, who shall be nameless, who was telling me about lizards' eggs and the fat of young turtles, which seem to be the latest ingredients from which beauty preparations are made. Personally, I rather like the sound of a Vienna Youth Mask, but as it costs one sixty pounds for thirty treatments I am not sorry that I am not a woman.

TO revert to the subject of birthdays, I am reminded that not only did the late Queen Alexandra have a birthday on December 1, but Prince George, the Duke of York,

Miss K Dawes, to whom the Duke of Manchester is engaged. The Duke has left London for Cuba, where he will resume divorce proceedings against the Duchess on the grounds of desertion, and if the divorce is granted there, he will marry Miss Dawes and will be prepared to face a charge of bigamy in the House of Lords

THE VOGUE OF FORTUNE-TELLING

A group at the Civil Service Ball held recently at Covent Garden. Seen above, from left to right, are: Capt. J. Russell Pickering, M.B.E., Dr. G. F. Herbert Smith, M.A., D.Sc., Mrs. Dollman, Miss Marie Burke and Mr. Davy Burnaby, both of whom are playing in "Waltzes from Vienna," Mrs. and Mr. Noel Curtis Bennett, Mr. Bernard Mills and Major C. J. Galpin

King Alexander of Jugo Slavia, Prince Paul of Greece, and one of the Spanish Infantas were all born in December.

PERHAPS because of the uncertain times clairvoyants, crystal gazers, palmists and astrologers are enjoying a great deal of patronage. Several new ones have become fashionable. One who, I am told, is quite the best, lives under a railway arch in the suburbs, and only charges five shillings. Another woman I hear about may be in grave danger of legal action. She predicted a few days ago that the nervous wife of a friend of mine was going to die suddenly. This so preyed on her nerves that she committed suicide. The husband is doing his best to find out what course of action he should take.

YET another of these smart afternoon clubs—if that is the word—has been started, and the competition that Nash's is facing is thus increased. The latest rival is the Cutty Sark Club, with decorations by Napier Paul, and is situated in Grosvenor Street. I have not yet been to Punch's, but I hear very good reports of it. As for Nash's, I gather that Captain Tommy Graves is luring Frances Day back again. She will fill the place again immediately she returns.

Miss Lila Marion Malkin, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Malkin, of Vancouver, B.C., whose marriage to Mr. Harold Elsdah Molson will take place at Ferring church on Friday, December 18. The latter is the eldest son of Major J. Elsdah Molson, M.D., of Goring Hall, and of Mrs. Molson, of the Pound House, Angmering-on-Sea

RUSSELL JOHNS has now left the Monseigneur. I am sorry to hear it. He was a great attraction, and had a number of admirable songs. I believe that Douglas Byng will be back from the United

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Adele Dixon, who plays the part of Susie Dean in "The Good Companions" at His Majesty's, in the striking costume she will wear at the Chelsea Arts Ball, to be held at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. The theme for this year's ball is "Fifty Years Hence"

TAKING THE CURE AT HARROGATE

A photograph taken after the wedding at St. Luke's, Cheltenham, between Miss Joan Wilson, only daughter of Mr. John Wilson, of Arundal, Norway, who is seen on the right of the bride, and Lieut.-Colonel K. A. Appelby. The little bridesmaid holding the bride's train is Princess Aziz Betul, the niece of Sir Umar Hayatt

States soon, but I am not certain of this.

S

QUAGLINO'S flourishes. Even on Saturday nights it is quite full, and it would be hard to think of a better test than that. The lighting effects seem slightly less ornate now. Perhaps it is because one has got used to them. Certainly Mr. Winston Churchill's favourite restaurant has a very big following.

S

FROM Harrogate I hear that Major-General Sir Menus O'Keefe and Lady O'Keefe, Sir John Collie, Sir Henry Cameron-Ramsay - Fairfax - Lucy, Lady Horsfall, Lady Burton and Lady Sennett are taking the cure. Harrogate's winter season officially starts on December 1, and the cure and the hotels are considerably cheaper than in the rush of the summer.

S

ONE of the most interesting places in London is undoubtedly the Film Artists' Club and Guild in Great Windmill Street. I visited it the other day and found all its three floors crowded with pretty girls and handsome extras. Most of them wait there between calls at the various film agencies, instead of going home. Frequently casting directors come in and pick twenty or thirty people at a time.

S

IT is all rather like a scene from Hollywood. One gaily decorated room is largely devoted to card-playing. Every evening there is a dance, and sometimes an entertainment. I often wondered how the hundreds of people who do crowd work at Elstree spend their time between jobs. The answer is to be found in this house in Great Windmill

The eight-year-old Earl of Gainsborough, with whom is his brother, the Hon. Gerard Noel, being presented with a savings bank home safe at the All-British Exhibition at Dorlands Hall, Piccadilly. Princess Marie Louise, who performed the opening ceremony, is seen on the left

Miss Peggy Salaman, the heroine of the London-Capetown record flight, seen at her home after her return to London. She is wearing the frock in which she attended the Air League Dinner at the Dorchester last week

HORSES TO FOLLOW OVER THE STICKS

Street. Never have I seen so many pretty girls at the same time. It is really worth a visit if you can find a member to take you.

"I HAD my first day with the Brocklesby this season from the Hendalo Lodge fixture," writes our hunting correspondent. With the exception of a short up-wind spin in a fog sport was poor, but I was delighted to see that grand old sportsman and M.F.H., the Earl of Yarborough, in command again, after the severe illness which kept him so long out of the saddle last season. This famous pack, which is kennelled in Brocklesby Park, Lincolnshire, the seat of Lord Yarborough, was first hunted by Mr. Charles Pelham in 1763, and, as the Pelham family pack, has been under the Mastership of succeeding Earls of Yarborough ever since.

Mr. Charles Chapman, the trainer, whose successful action against the Stewards of the Jockey Club and others was a sequel to his being warned off Newmarket Heath. The jury awarded him £16,000 damages

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

CHRISTOPHER will win again. Gave a very convincing display when winning a two-mile hurdle race. A genuine form horse to follow.

BESTOBELL beat several heavily backed hurdlers at Kempton. Stott had a comfortable ride.

DESERT CHIEF never looked like beating the consistent Drintyre, but I name him as a good proposition for a chase up to three miles.

SANBRA was up against some smart hurdlers at Birmingham, but finished second. There was a late market move. She will soon earn winning brackets.

SOULHAM is a great jumper but was beaten by the sticky going close home at Birmingham. Was confidently backed in the ring.

DEAR OLD NED did not perform badly for a novice at Gatwick. Was beaten out of a place, but he will improve.

BURGLAR should be all the better for his Kempton outing. A sure money spinner!

Lady Broughton, the big-game hunter, who recently left by air for the Belgian Congo. She is going on an expedition, which will last quite four months, in search of an Ituri gorilla, which, it is hoped, will provide the clue to the Missing Link

Madame Yevonde

The Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven and her twin sister, the Hon. Mrs. John Barran. It was rumoured last week that Miss Hore-Ruthven's engagement is to be announced shortly to Mr. Peter Davies, the publisher, who is a godson of Sir James Barrie and the original inspiration of Peter Pan

Right: Momentoes of bygone kills in the hunting field. Pads on a wall of the Cattistock Hunt Kennels, Dorsetshire

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three . . . hello . . . hello, Baa . . . my dear, I've just been having the most wonderful new stretching exercises explained to me by Leonard Henslowe . . . apparently with a supple backbone one becomes a complete Venus. . . . Here's hoping, Baa! . . .

* * *

HOW distinguished Lady Oxford and Asquith looks . . . she was a symphony in black and white the other night . . . her bright dark eyes . . . white hair and huge crystal earrings . . . white satin dress and a sweet little shoulder cape of real black lace . . . of course, her son Puffin was with her. . . .

* * *

THE Marconis are over here for a short time . . . she is a great success and so lovely . . . it seems a long time since those gay and amusing parties at Cowes aboard the Electra. . . .

* * *

SUCH a crowd of engagements this week, Baa, and, of course, we were thrilled about the Ruthven twin rumour, although it was not quite unexpected. . . . Peter Davies is charming and most intelligent. . . . John Barran—Alison's husband—works in the White Star Line, and is tall, clean-shaven, and very good-looking. . . . Then there is Lady Mythe Jellicoe's engagement to Lionel Balfour. . . . Mythe is the prettiest of four charming sisters . . . she has much of her father's charm and her mother's vivacity. . . .

* * *

THE Bobbin has been crowded every night since it was raided . . . some clubs terrified of raids are very much T.T. . . .

* * *

I DON'T like the dresses with a triangle of bare flesh below the real back-line. . . . Helen Adare has one in red velvet . . . and I saw a wonderful affair of silver and green in the same shape worn by Mrs. Lendrum.

* * *

LADY ADARE is very cheery and has an enormous number of friends . . . and she has only to enter a restaurant for everyone to cry out her name and shout greetings. . . .

* * *

HAVE you heard, Baa, about the tragedy of the hunting field? . . . A certain well-known young man took a toss, and a friend rushed to his assistance . . . but in looking for a handkerchief a lovely but very incriminating photograph fell from his pocket . . . it was the friend's very special girl friend . . . but oh, Baa, the photograph was lovely! . . .

* * *

SUNNY JARMAN . . . sorry, Mrs. Francis Francis . . . has cut her hair. . . . It must have needed a lot of courage to sacrifice those long plaits . . . but she looks very attractive . . . real platinum blondness is gradually disappearing . . . there is a red tinge about those pale heads. . . .

* * *

MARGARET WHIGHAM had a "nineteen" birthday party, which was great fun. She looked lovely . . . but so much older than nineteen . . . these young things have such poise and savoir faire, and such wonderful clothes. . . . The old-fashioned débutante had three evening dresses her first year . . . a white coming-out . . . a black for theatres . . . and a sugar-pir . . . very young and sweet. . . .

Mr. Ion Villiers-Stuart, the Master of the West Waterford, seen with Mrs. Stuart at a meet at Cilligan, near Dungraven. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stuart are very popular in the district and the beautiful family seat, Droma, Co. Waterford, on the River Blackwater, is one of the show places of Ireland

DANCING in day clothes is becoming more and more usual . . . cocktail parties always seem to have a band . . . and a lot of people go straight on for supper without changing. . . .

* * *

DARLING, I must love you and leave you. I'm off to Woolworth's for Auntie's Christmas present. . . . Do you think a goldfish in bowl or a bingle cap?

Below: At a meet of the Belvoir at Colston Bassett, near Nottingham. Seen in the picture are the Hon. Diana Fellowes and Lady Conyers

DOG TIRED!

Hounds of the Duke of Beaufort's hunt seen settling down for a night's rest after a strenuous day in pursuit of "John James." The photograph was taken at the kennels at Badminton

Above: The Marchioness of Londonderry with her youngest daughter, Lady Mary Vane-Tempest-Stewart. They are seen at a recent meet of the Cottesmore at Wild's Lodge, near Melton Mowbray

A photograph taken at Kirkham Abbey, the home of Major Radcliffe-Brotherton, at a recent meet of the Middleton. The group comprises Lord Middleton, a Field-Master of the hunt, his little daughter, Hermione, Major Radcliffe-Brotherton and Lord Irwin, another Field-Master of the same hunt

AT THE PLAY

A charwoman offered another occupation. Mr. Brittz (Bobbie Comber) right, suggests that Mrs. Bolton (Mary Jerrold) shall become a world's sweetheart on the films to the joy of Mr. Bolton (Frederick Piper) left, and to the amazement of a friend of the family, Mrs. Wrigglesworth (Eileen Collins-James) in the background

Fred Bolton (Richard Littledale), Mrs. Bolton's son, now out of a job, shows that Satan easily finds work for idle lips to do by kissing Gladys (Dorothy Dunkels), who is far from averse from spending a week-end at Brighton with him

A CHARLADY ON THE FILMS

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

"Britannia of Billingsgate," at the St. Martin's

TWO authors, Christine Jope-Slade and Sewell Stokes, both known to BYSTANDER readers as contributors of short stories, are responsible for *Britannia of Billingsgate*, a play which, produced first at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, has now found a home at the St. Martin's Theatre.

I AM sure that it was not the authors' intention, but this comedy is really a vitriolic attack upon film-stars, for the story concerns a certain Mrs. Bolton, engaged as a cleaner at a film studio, who is regarded by the directors as the perfect type, for which they have previously looked in vain, to play the principal part in a film called "No Mother to Guide Her." It is the old mother in this film, and not an aluminium blonde with eyes like saucers, on whom the cameras will be directed and the exhortations of producers to "hold it" will be hurled; and it is this star part which is offered to Mrs. Bolton!

NOW, if a charlady, without previous experience and any sort of training can make a big success on the talkies, as Mrs. Bolton does, I see no reason why it is necessary to pay huge salaries to stars when they can be picked up anywhere! If the authors of *Britannia of Billingsgate* are correct in their surmise, then, indeed, are Messrs. Chaplin and Chevalier and Mesdames Garbo and Bennett grossly overpaid!

IT may be supposed that Mrs. Bolton, elated with success, would continue on her film career. She is, indeed, begged to do so, not only by the English directors, but by an American Big Noise in the world of talkies. But Mrs. Bolton is adamant. She will play no more. Her reason for thus disappointing both directors and public is that money has done incalculable harm to a happy home.

MRS. BOLTON'S husband throws up his job and takes to drink; Mrs. Bolton's son throws up his job and takes to women; and

SKETCHES OF "BRITANNIA OF BILLINGSGATE," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S, BY H. H. HARRIS

Success achieved in the film, "No Mother to Guide Her," Mrs. Bolton (Mary Jerrold) is adamant in refusing the fabulous fortune offered her by Mr. Elder (Gilbert Davis) left, an American film magnate, a refusal which cuts to the quick Mr. Jones (John Boxer), shuddering in the background, and Mr. Brittz (Bobbie Comber) right, who hoped to participate in the proceeds

Mrs. Bolton's daughter throws up her job and looks as if she would take to the streets. The mother's refusal to make packets of pelf by signing a contract which would take them all to America, and her return to the humble, and less well paid, occupation of scrubbing, brings the family to their senses with a horrid bump.

PERSONALLY, I had no sympathy to spare for either son or daughter, who were a couple of young wasters; but I *was* sorry for Mrs. Bolton's husband. He was a man getting on in years, and it must have been something more than a shock to him to have to continue getting up at an unearthly hour in the morning to work at Billingsgate, with its "ancient and fish-like smell."

WHEN I read this play in manuscript I was a little dubious as to its popular appeal, for I doubted whether the public would be interested in the aged heroine, but I did not then realise what a clever piece of casting could do. It was a stroke of genius to ask Mary Jerrold to take this part, which is far removed from the sweet and cultured old ladies with which she is so closely associated.

BUT Mary Jerrold is so good an actress that she carries the play on her shoulders. In all she does there is the mark of class, and I would advise any young actress to watch and listen to Mary Jerrold in her big scene where she gives her reasons why she will not continue her film career, and see how perfectly she "builds up" this long and important speech. I cannot remember Mary Jerrold giving a bad performance. I cannot remember her giving a better one than this.

THERE is some good acting, too, among the film folk, with Bobbie Comber and Gilbert Davis in the forefront, while Leonora Corbett makes much of a film-star in a part which rather fades away. The authors have been a little unkind to her in one scene, when she is sat upon too heavily by the management. Do not film-stars ever have a devastating retort handy? If she hit back with effect once or twice this particular scene would be better balanced. Gabrielle Casartelli played Mrs. Bolton's daughter cleverly, but almost a child actress would have been more in key with the part. A good character study is given by Eileen Collins-James, and Dorothy Dunkels and Richard Littledale play their love scene effectively. Altogether a bright and entertaining play.

"Champion North" at the Royalty

THERE are dogs in this artless play which behave circumspectly and act with quite as much distinction as some two-legged artists. There is also Horace Hodges, who once again gives a good representation of old age. But why this play was chosen for a West End theatre, and why some of the characters were cast in the way they were, will remain something of a mystery. Some plays are simply not good enough, and this is one.

V. W.

The film star in being, Elf Russell (Leonora Corbett) left, and the girl who would like to be one, Pansy Bolton (Gabrielle Casartelli)

GAIETY BOUND: "Hold my Hand" Holds the Stage

In tiers—but in good humour. The chorus of Stanley Lupino's new musical comedy production, "Hold My Hand," sit out with the photographer after a rehearsal. Following a try-out in Glasgow, this show will take up London quarters at the Gaiety

Photographs *Sasha*

Above Sonnie Hale, who is one of the leading lights of "Hold My Hand," gives proof that there are lots of good spirits in this musical comedy, whilst on the left Jessie Matthews, the leading lady, and some of the chorus are seen looking duly soulful whilst rehearsing one of the sentimental musical numbers. Other leading parts are played by Harry Milton, Connie Emerald and Margery Wyn

Mistinguett, the famous French revue star, in her dressing-room at the Casino de Paris, where she is starring with undimmed brightness in the new revue "Paris Qui Brille." Her famous legs are well to the fore in the above photograph

ETHEL MANNIN writes on PARIS TO-DAY

It may be eccentric of me, but I've been looking for Paris by night. The trouble is, it doesn't begin till morning. So what those organisations which collect you at your hotel at nine and return you safely at twelve show you for your money, I'm blest if I know. But I suppose there are still nice, simple-minded people who think of Paris night-life in terms of the Folies-Bergère and champagne in the Place Pigalle at a hundred francs a bottle. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about Paris night-life is that it concentrates in one or two places, has a terrific vogue for a month or so, and then moves on to somewhere else, and the rendezvous which was packed one month is empty the next.

So it's no use reproaching me, gentle reader, if you have just come back from Paris and found the Ange Bleu empty in spite of all I told you about it a few weeks ago. The answer is—Edith Wilson has gone, and the Ange Bleu is taking a "rest." Dinah's is now *the* place, and Le Boîte des Matelots, both of which are in the Boulevard Montparnasse. The "feature" of Dinah's is—Dinah. And if you like that sort of thing—and most people do—it's just the sort of thing you'll like; it's crowded, gay, chic, risqué—Dinah's songs, I mean—so what more can you expect for a fifty franc drink at one in the morning?

After seeing that lovely film, "Tabu," at the Montrouge Palace out by the Lion de Belfort the other night, a beckoning red light on a street-corner lured me along to the Marine—where the entertainment now consists of a sort of Douglas Byng turn, and a pair of sparring partners, who at the end of each mild round are gently fanned by waiters. And "Norman" doing the sob-stuff from *Pagliacci*, as unintentional comic relief to the sentimentalities of boulevard chansons.

But in the small hours of the morning, when everyone has gone home, Norman's impromptu turns for the amusement of the waiters—and himself—are far and away the best part of the fun. Such gaiety, such complete lack of self-consciousness! They are a wonderful race, the French. Such coyness, such "chi-chi." . . . Talk about fairies at the bottom of the garden . . . you should see Norman of the Marine prancing about, holding up imaginary skirts, disporting, so naughtily, imaginary "culottes," flirting so prettily. . . Oh, my dea-ah! . . . But the Marine is another of the recently popular places taking a temporary "rest."

Apart from the cafés you can't get a drink anywhere in Paris after midnight under thirty francs, I find—but it's worth it, for what entertainment the management doesn't provide the "sidelights" on humanity do. You may not get all that you pay for, but you get a lot that you don't pay for. (To-day's great thought from Paris.)

At the Café Flores, next door to the Maggots in the St. Germaine, the other night I met a baroness—a princess before her marriage—who had spent four years in the Russian Army during the War. No, there's no fake about it. Her father was an officer, so all the awkward parts were made easy for her. But that doesn't detract from the sheer courage of the thing. She told me a tremendous story of how she was defending a bridge with two men—I almost wrote "with

Another photograph of the ever-youthful Mistinguett in her dressing-room. "Mis" is as much a Paris institution as the Eiffel Tower, and even more popular

two other men"—one night, and in the shrieking of the shells bursting overhead heard "the wailing of a whole race" crying out in their war-wracked agony. Call it hysteria if you like—it was something she felt. A tremendous woman, a Caucasian, and so masculine that the little nephew of the woman who introduced me to her can never resist calling her "M'sieu." In uniform, I imagine, she would defy anyone to guess that she was not a man. Strong, masculine hands, and a truly wonderful "Beethoven" head, with powerful features, and dark, fearless eyes. I had always been sceptical of these Russian women soldiers until I met one for myself. Now I understand. . . .

IN the hotel in which she was staying there was a party of students who had the bad taste to choose for a "rag" a burlesque of a Russian church service—there is a quite considerable Russian element in that quarter — and Katia, this princess-baroness-soldier, happened to encounter them on the stairs in the midst of their procession. She was so infuriated that she rushed up to her room to get her army revolver to shoot the whole lot of the blasphemers, and, having met her, I have no doubt she would have done so had not a woman friend restrained her, explaining that these Westerners meant no harm, but simply did not understand the gravity of what they were parodying. But there's passion for you, in an age of cynicism and unbelief. . . .

YOU remember my telling you how, in that little Russian restaurant where I frequently dine, I discovered one of the most brilliant male dancers of the Diaghileff troupe? The other night I learned that the interesting-looking elderly Russian woman I have always seen there was responsible for the designing of most of the costumes of the ballet. And that the insignificant looking little man in horn-rimmed spectacles who dines every night with a woman who wears a scarlet silk dress, a squirrel coat, and violets, is the leading modern furniture designer and architect of Paris. So, you see, in Paris, all is not ordinary that orders vin ordinaire. And the cheaper you eat the more interesting your fellow-diners. And the more expensively you eat the more ordinary.

ALBEIT in the Ritz bar recently I ran into Mr. Geoffrey Allen, racehorse owner, cosmopolitan man-about-town, and "Big Business Man," stopping a few days in Paris before going to join his family in Cannes. He is one of those people who know everybody in London, Paris, New York, Palm Beach. Listening to him talk is like reading the Society gossip columns of the best-informed papers; the names of all modern society's Bright Young People roll glibly off his tongue. He had with him Lord Rosse's charming young brother, Mr. Desmond Parsons, who is here studying for the diplomatic service. We all began lunching at Les Trianons, on the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse, at two, and were still there eating truffles and drinking still champagne at four o'clock.

Mlle Simone Toulet, who was recently elected "Miss Montparnasse," being congratulated by Jules Ladoumegue after her victory. She was elected by the votes of members of the Association of French and Foreign Students in Paris, who number over fifty thousand, and all live in the Latin Quarter

Paris has her black fogs, too! The Gay City failing to live up to its name on a day when a fog worthy of London at its blackest descended on the French capital

OF course, inevitably, we discussed the possibility of Noel Coward being knighted in the New Year . . . and whether the millionaire who lives on four hundred a year and travels third-class to the South will succeed in his ambition of dying the richest man in the world.

THE brilliant young author of that clever first novel, "She Closed the Door," Eliot Hodgkin, is in Paris; and I discover that the translator of Violet Hunt's novels, Mademoiselle Bourret, lives just round the corner from where I am staying. But the descent of the pound has made a good deal of difference to life on the right bank of the river, although the left goes its Bohemian way. Half of the Ritz Hotel is closed, and the Rue Cambon is sadly like an everlasting Sunday afternoon as a result. . . . A new book has been added to the list of books "not procurable in Great Britain or U.S.A."—a list headed by "Lady Chatterley," and taking in "The Well of Loneliness" and "Jam To-day," on the way to that classic amongst banned books, "Ulysses"—a chronicle of a modern young woman's "amorous adventures told with complete frankness by herself," and called "Daffodil" (no, not Narcissus). So there's one more for you to try and smuggle past the Customs. . . .

"LA CHIENNE" is the pièce de scandale amongst films here just now, as *Un Taciturn* is amongst stage plays. How would you translate it in English? (I leave it to you.) I am told that it is very "sur-realist". . . . And who would have recognised Harwood's "Man in Possession" with its title translated as "La Route des Indes"? It is interesting, and significant, I think, that in "Tabu" as shown here the scene in which the police officer is bribed with a pearl to tear up the warrant for the arrest of the Tahitian pearl-diver is omitted.

I LUNCHED the other day in the open-air in the rain in the Avenue Orléans —which, to me, is reminiscent of Marseilles and the Cannebière. Think of trying to dine out of doors on a wet day in London! So far as mildness goes we are having a St. Martin summer here, too, but whatever the weather does, the boulevards and café-terrasses are thronged, and the city's motto remains—"toujours gai." E. M.

THE "FIVE-SHILLING MAN" AS VISUALISED BY G. E. STUDDY

The following, according to Dr. Thomas Lawson, are all the ingredients of the body of an average man of 10 stone:— Ten gallons of water; enough fat for seven bars of soap; carbon for 9,000 lead pencils; phosphorus for 2,200 match heads; magnesium for one dose of salts; iron for one medium-sized nail; lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop; and enough sulphur to rid a dog of fleas. And the lot can be bought for five shillings!

if Gossip we must

Jack Buchanan (right) and Herbert Carrick in a scene from the talkie, "Good Night, Vienna," which he is making at Elstree with Anna Neagle, who played lead in "Stand Up and Sing" at the Hippodrome, in the leading part. Jack Buchanan recently declined to play in a British talkie for Basil Dean, and his new film is being made by British and Dominion Films

Frank Davis

Iris Ashley and William Walker, who have proved most successful in cabaret at the May Fair, Café de Paris and the Dorchester. Miss Ashley, who has taken the leading part in several films and recently made her stage debut, writes the lyrics, and Mr. Walker, who was formerly thirty-three and a third per cent. of those clever entertainers. "That Certain Trio," composes the music of most of the songs sung by him and his partner

LET us clear our minds of cant—always and about all things. For the moment a little clearance is necessary with regard to the Riviera. Now the Riviera has long suffered from a sort of reaction against the fashion of invariably describing it as a place where the warm sun shines every day and where the sea is a wondrous blue. The result is a violent swing in the direction of suggesting, with equal inaccuracy, that it is at the best of times chilly and treacherous, and that there is little to choose between a normal day at Cannes and a wet November afternoon in Manchester.

I HAVE known days in Cannes like Manchester, and I have even, though much more rarely, known days in Manchester like Cannes. But the Riviera is really a most desirable place, and, if one has the strength of mind to keep out of the Casinos, not an exorbitant one.

WHAT is to the fore just now is not so much the quality of the Riviera as the question as to whether it is good form to go there at all. I would be more impressed by this outcry against spending money abroad if we did not allow millions of pounds of commodities to come to us from foreign lands, duty free. We strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. It is much more serious for Russian butter, Danish bacon, and the rest of it, to be allowed to mop up vast sums of British money (and, incidentally, injure our own producers) than it is to hand over about a thousandth part, or less, of that sum to foreign hotel proprietors. A far more sensible angle to take is for those people who wish to go to the South of France, and can afford it, to do so.

BY HYNES

"You know, Oscar, there's nothing so indigestible as stale ecstasy!"

NO one is more in favour of the "Buy British" slogan than I am; but fanaticism can be carried to absurd lengths, particularly when it is linked up with humbug.

THOSE people who are ill, old, and infirm, who are ordered by their doctors to avoid the English winter, have the money for carrying out such orders, and yet stop at home are truly heroic; it will not detract from their patriotic heroism if I say that they are making martyrs of themselves quite unnecessarily. All this is not an apology for the fact that THE BYSTANDER is bringing out a Riviera number, but an enlightening preamble.

THE case of the Duke of Connaught stands, of course, apart. His Royal Highness, than whom no man in England is more loved and respected, has done the right thing all his life, and considered it to be his duty to set a good example by staying at home instead of going to his villa near Cannes. Recently rumours have been started to the effect that the Duke is, after all, going abroad and then promptly denied with an air of great authority. This very gallant old gentleman, who has spent a lifetime in the public service, has not, I think, been treated fairly here. These denials and counter-denials must be extremely embarrassing for him.

PERSONALLY, I hope His Royal Highness will go to the South of France until the warm weather comes round again; the nation thinks much too much of him to wish him to run any risks, even as a gesture. And had the Duke, a man of over eighty, crossed the Channel weeks ago, not a word of criticism would have entered the mind of anyone.

THE National Government are treading in irritatingly wary fashion over the matter of Tariffs. What little has been done so far has been greeted by a certain amount of dismay by our foreign competitors, themselves closely protected. So our Free Trade organs, the *Daily Herald* (which thinks Tariffs can have virtue in them when introduced by a Labour Government) and the *News-Chronicle* (which hates Tariffs, but hates Tories more) get all excited about this, and quote the complaints of France, with a see-what-wicked-things-the-Government-are-doing sort of air. They imagine that the objection of Tariff-protected foreign countries to our own

Some of the performers in "A Night in May," by Rimsky Korsakof, played by the Oxford University Opera Club. They are Suzan Turner, Godfrey Stirling, Sumner Austin, Ian Gardner, Noel Lindsay and Edward Manning

Another scene from the Oxford University Operatic Club's production of "A Night in May," produced by Hans Strobach, showing a bottle-party à la Russe in progress. The players are Muriel Green, Sumner Austin, Edward Manning and Noel Lindsay

Sasha

Isobel Elsom as she appears in the leading rôle in "Autumn Crocus." She has taken over Fay Compton's part in this play, which has enjoyed so long a run at the Lyric Theatre

Tariffs is an argument against those Tariffs. I can think of no stronger argument in their favour. If you keep a boot-shop and the fellow over the way, who also keeps a boot-shop, smiles benignly at everything you do, you can bet that you are on the wrong tack. But if he suddenly gets angry and worried as the result of a move of yours, it is ten thousand to one that it is a good move. But there are plenty of people still who do not mind how much their own country suffers provided the foreigner is not angry with us.

FRANCE, of course, is very angry with us, although it is only in Paris that you find Anglophobia blatant, ourselves received with black looks, anti-English sketches in the revues and scurrilous anti-English magazines on sale at the kiosks. When last I was over there I bought a copy of *Le Crapouillot*, which is full of every imaginable insulting obscenity directed against England, and has a cover showing the anguish of John Bull at the sinking of the pound. I consoled myself with the late T. W. H. Crosland's fine lines:

"How shall we hate you back, we who are English,
Who are too fine for hate, too careless, and too proud?"

THERE is consolation, too, in the thought that there are plenty of charming French people and that not to take what France gives us (by which I mean, of course, sells us) in the way of good wines and a pleasant climate is a silly instance of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

THE intensity of the "Scotchness" of the complimentary dinner of Scots in London to the Prime Minister was overwhelming. One could take in an easy stride, walking round the

BY A. R. CANE

"Darling, I won a medal at the cookery school, to-day"

"Wonderful! But tell me what it is I am eating"

"Guess"

"Your diploma!"

FACE VALUES

"I am certain that British audiences are not tired of seeing pretty girls and good-looking men."—Jean Colin, the musical-comedy and film actress.

IF you look like Aphrodite,
Or a Venus on the stage,
You may well become a mighty
(Though a temporary) rage.
If you're built like young Apollo
With blue eyes and wavy hair,
Though your handsome head is hollow
And your talk is all hot air,
You are certain to be voted
A success that's quite immense,
By a dutifully devoted
Not too brainy audience

Though to beauty I'm not hostile
(I am not a surly bloke),
Till my last illusion's lost I'll
Much prefer those theatre folk
Who are more concerned with trying
To achieve the topmost class,
Than with always smugly eyeing
Their reflections in the glass.
Though it's pleasant to be pretty,
All too many players will
Quite forget—and more's the pity—
That the play's the main thing still.

B. W.

Janet Jevons

DÉSIRÉE ELLINGER

Who will play one of the principal parts in C. B. Cochran's new production, "Helen!" Mr. Cochran has complained that he has had a lot of trouble in finding the ideal Venus for the show, but his choice has finally fallen on "Yetta," an English girl who works for a famous couturiere in Paris

Harold Huth, who is appearing in "Little Catherine," and Joan Barry, who was in that highly successful play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," make friends with an Afghan wolfhound during a visit to Pinckneys Green. Miss Barry is proving a great success in British talkies and is doing much studio work just now

Connaught Rooms, Caledonian celebrities ranging from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Will Fyffe, including that fine old chieftain from the land of the heather-r-r—H.H. the Aga Khan. The kilt was much in evidence, in addition to patriotic noises reminiscent of a fortissimo hiccup, and elderly ladies of great dignity had draped themselves in tartan shawls and Cairngorm brooches. The Prime Minister comes out strong on such occasions, and his post-prandial rhetoric is distinctly good. His Scots accent is chiefly notable for the way he pronounces "thought" and "brought" to rhyme with "boat"; but his Doric is soft and pleasing and not reminiscent, as it is in Sauchiehall Street, of an unskilled driver changing gears on an ancient car. There was no haggis, and many consoled themselves in the usual manner for this serious omission. "Richt guid willie wauchts" (I don't know what this means and I can't spell it) went on in various parts of London, as an aftermath, until the wee sma' hours.

PERSONALLY, I went on from this "land o' the mountain and the flood" business to the more cosmopolitan and Continental atmosphere of Quaglino's, where, again, there was no haggis. With its new and very lovely decoration Quaglino's is now one of the most sought-after spots in London, and there is nothing in the way of food that is good that Quaglino will not provide, including, probably, haggis, if you ask for it. I once asked there for bouillabaisse (just as mysterious a mixture), and when it arrived it was as good as—nay, better than—any bouillabaisse one finds at Basso's or the Menelik in the Vieux Port district at Marseilles.

THE evenings at Quaglino's are now enlivened by the singing of Mlle. Lala Toumanova, a melodious and black-draped Russian, who, fortunately, sings in other than her native tongue, which lots of people pretend to understand, though few actually do.

SAD blow though the death of Diaghileff was to ballet in this country, we still have ballet with us. I enjoyed vastly the efforts at the Savoy Theatre of the Camargo Society. As for the musical side, the conductors are Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Constant Lambert. Mr. Lambert, be it known, is British. Yet the more intense ballet enthusiasts persist in calling him "Constong Lombare." Mr. Lambert I read of as being the only conductor who conducts during rehearsals in a pull-over. Maybe. But I have known conductors conduct in a hang-over. And that is more difficult.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton enjoys a cocktail and a joke at the opening of London's latest cocktail club, the Red Mill. It is run on original lines, being the Bright Young People's version of a public-house restaurant

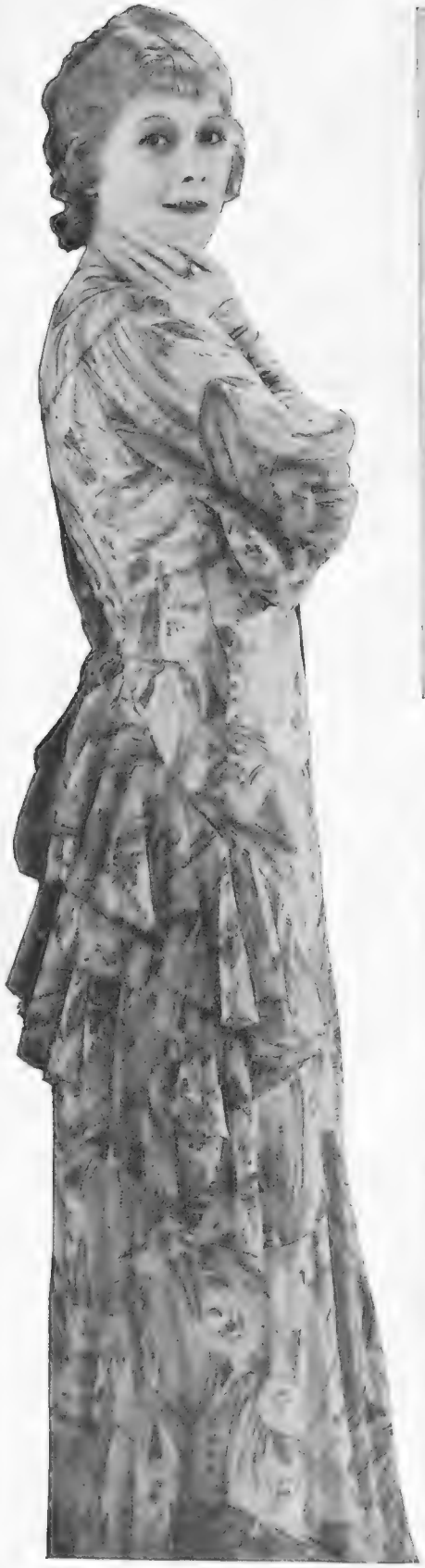
Princess Irene Wiszniewska at the opening of the Red Mill Club. Here one can obtain drinks and food ad lib. for a very modest sum

The Marchese Malacrida, who was another of the guests at the opening of the Red Mill Club. She is writing a new play which will be produced in February

Photographs Sasha

Jean Colin, the musical-comedy actress, who has now taken up film work with notable success. She is busy playing in the film version of "Lord Babs," the play in which she also appeared

BRITISH FILM STAR'S "COME-BACK"



Alma Taylor, who some time ago was voted the most popular British film star, defeating even Charlie Chaplin in the "poll," has made a great come-back in talkies. She is now playing a leading part in "The Bachelor and the Baby," a B.I.P. production now being filmed at Elstree

Anita Page and Buster Keaton in a scene from "Sidewalks of New York." This entertaining comedy talkie was recently presented at the Empire

Mae Marsh, who in private life is Mrs. Louis Lee Armes, seen with her three kiddies Miss Marsh, who made her reputation by her performance as the tragic sister in "The Birth of a Nation," will shortly be seen in a new Fox talkie, "Over the Hill"

LILIAN HARVEY the ANGLO-GERMAN Film Star

The little glove-maker (Lilian Harvey) is arrested on the charge of throwing a bomb, which in reality was only a bouquet, at the Czar when he arrives in Vienna for the famous congress of 1815, known as the Dancing Congress. Directed by Erik Charell, the producer of "White Horse Inn," it is a cinematic light opera of unusual charm

Below is seen another picture of Lilian Harvey, the British film star who plays lead in "Congress Dances" and who returned to London to be present at the Tivoli at the opening performance of this talkie. A Londoner by birth, Lilian Harvey has proved a very real success on the Continent, for, besides being pretty and a clever actress, she is a fluent linguist and has lived in Germany, where she is the leading film actress, since girlhood

Lilian Harvey and Henry Garat as the Czar in another scene from "Congress Dances," the Erich Pommer Ufa production which recently started a run at the Tivoli. The story is full of clever satire and bright comedy

HOYT SHE GOES!

(With apologies to all concerned)

Miss Eugenie Bankhead, sister of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, has been married six times. Three times to the same man, Mr. Hoyt.—NEWS ITEM.

SCENE:

The Town Hall of New York City.

MISS EUGENIE BANKHEAD: Well, here we are again, Mr. Mayor. I've come to register my marriage.

MR. MAYOR "JIMMIE" WALKER: And who's the lucky man this time?

MISS BANKHEAD: Guess, Mayor.

MR. MAYOR: I'm not giving anything away to-day.

MISS BANKHEAD: It's Hoyt.

MR. MAYOR: What, Hoyt again! But it was Hoyt last time.

MISS BANKHEAD: I guess every man has his weakness.

MR. MAYOR: So they tell me.

MISS BANKHEAD: But I guess some women have, too. And mine's Hoyt.

MR. MAYOR: Then why hoyt him? Why ever throw him out?

MISS BANKHEAD: Aw, you know how it is, Mayor. Why, the first time I married him he just drove me crazy. You know how the little things get on your nerves, Mayor?

MR. MAYOR: And on your knees, too, I'm told.

MISS BANKHEAD: D'you ever know anyone who always kept saying, "Whssst!" Mr. Mayor?

MR. MAYOR: Can't say I have. All my friends play contract.

MISS BANKHEAD: No, no. Whssst! Like that.

MR. MAYOR: You mean like "Pssst!" or "Psah!"

MISS BANKHEAD: That's it. My foot! Mayor, when a man starts in with one of those philological ejakilations it's time to make a break.

MR. MAYOR: You're telling me!

MISS BANKHEAD: The first time I left Hoyt flat for his "Whsssting." How would you like to be whsssted from pillar to post all time?

MR. MAYOR: The Whsssteringbaritone. Give me a cornet every time.

MISS BANKHEAD: Did you ever hear anyone saying "Tck! Tck! Tck!" all day and night?

MR. MAYOR: Can't say I did. But, then, I'm a good sleeper.

MISS BANKHEAD: So's Hoyt. But someone's got to keep awake. When it wasn't "Tck!" it was "Tcha!" Gosh, you wouldn't ask me to stay with a man like that, Mr. Mayor?

MR. MAYOR: I gotcha—er, pardon—that is, I understand.

MISS BANKHEAD: Then there was "Phew!"

MR. MAYOR: Dreadful. Phewer the better, I'd say.

MISS BANKHEAD: But when he started in with "Faugh!"

MR. MAYOR: Faugh heaven's sake!

MISS BANKHEAD: And "Mm!" I left Hoyt the second time for his Mmms!"

MR. MAYOR: I call that just a bee noise at the best of times.

MISS BANKHEAD: And "Ha!" That's one hell of a word when you're not expecting it, Mr. Mayor.

MR. MAYOR: Not so bad as "Ah Ha!" When it's "Aha!" it means alimony.

MISS BANKHEAD: And "Bah!" I left my third, no, fifth, no, gosh darnit, I've forgotten.

MR. MAYOR: Make it three-fifths and an all-in policy.

MISS BANKHEAD: Anyway, I left him for his "Bah!"

MR. MAYOR: I remember. The Ritz bar it was. I remember your saying how his bah was worse than his bite. But, tell me, why d'you ever have Hoyt back?

MISS BANKHEAD: Hoyt's got a way with him, Mr. Mayor.

MR. MAYOR: He's got a way with you all right.

MISS BANKHEAD: The first time it was just sheer personality. He just swept me off my feet.

MR. MAYOR: That's not personality; that's economy at present price of shoes.

MISS BANKHEAD: I left him for his "Poohs!" after that. It was "Pooh! Pooh! Pooh!" all day long.

MR. MAYOR: Virginibus Poohrisque.

MISS BANKHEAD: Maybe, but I never knew her real name. I didn't marry him again for a whole year after those "Poohs!"

MR. MAYOR: And then you weakened.

MISS BANKHEAD: Weakened! Oh, boy! I melted. Guess how he did it? Next time he saw me he didn't say a word. No, he said it with flowers instead.

MR. MAYOR: He turned his poohs into posies. And the next?

MISS BANKHEAD: He sent me a piece of music. It was called "Songs Without Words." Honest, Mr. Mayor, I can't help marrying that man.

MR. MAYOR: And this time, what's the reason this time?

MISS BANKHEAD: Well, I, well, if you don't mind, I'd—I'd—that is, if it doesn't have to go in the register, I'd rather not. I——"

MR. MAYOR: O.K. Mum's the word.

RICHARD VINER.

BY BEAUVAIS

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

Dear David, you were very wise
To slip away to warmer skies,
For England, as you doubtless knew,
Had chilly times in store for you.
But 'neath the sun in far Ceylon
You'll have a chance to ponder on
The Lloyd George Party's policy
While Megan brews you cups of tea
And you'll be hushing up, perhaps,
Your recent Socialistic lapse . . .
Old friend, no matter what you do,
Here's health and happiness to you!

B.

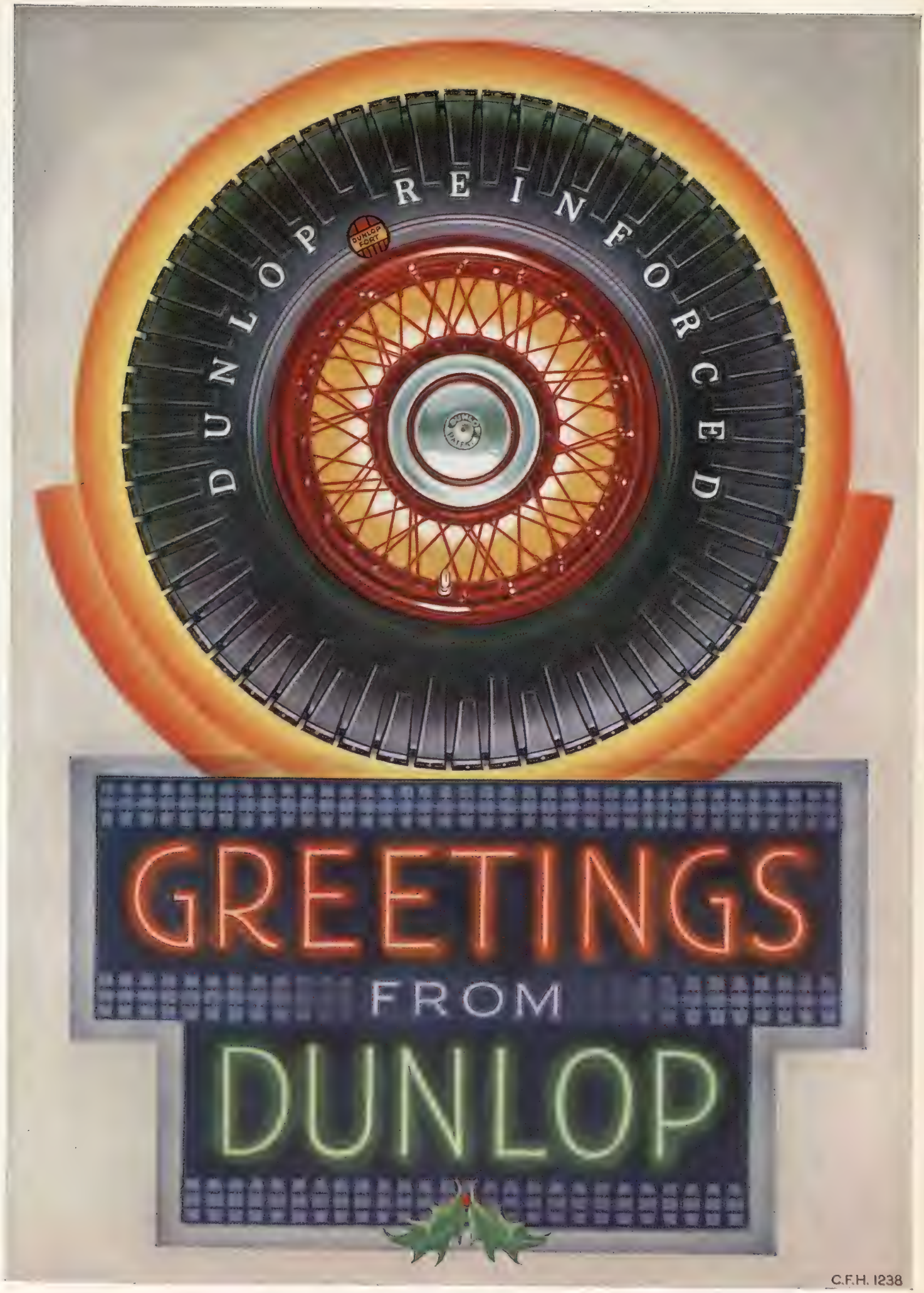
WIFE: "Why so thoughtful, darling?"

HUSBAND: "I've got five shillings left over this week, and I can't remember which instalment I forgot to pay!"

* * *

"IF you spend so much time playing golf you'll have nothing laid by for a rainy day."

"Rubbish! My desk is crowded with work laid by for a rainy day!"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WHEN NEPT

BY SEVERINO TREMATOR

PTUNE FROWNS

IN 'Feu-Follet,' their new, exclusive perfume for the modern woman, Roger & Gallet introduce an exquisite addition to the famous perfumes of which they are creators—Pourpre d'Orient, Le Jade, Pavots d'Argent. Roger & Gallet are proprietors also of the original Eau de Cologne . . . Jean Marie Farina.

Feu-Follet is priced at—

Perfume	15/6 & 30/-	*Talc*	3/- & 4/6
Powder	3/6	*Bath Salts*	5/6 & 9/6
Soap: 4/6 per box of 3 Tablets		*Lotion*	16/6

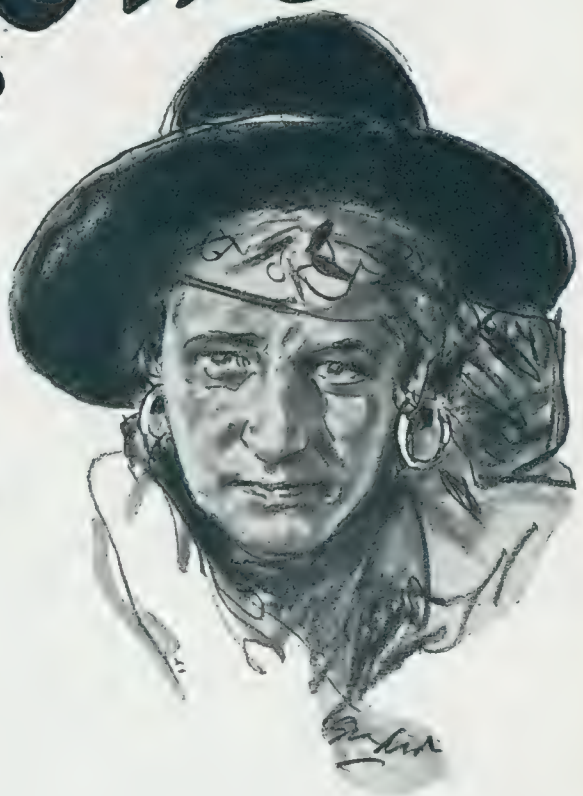
And in spite of the fact that 'Feu-Follet' is an exclusive perfume made by a famous Parisien house, blended from rare and costly essences . . . it has been found possible to make up a dainty small bottle for the handbag for as little as - 3/6.

ROGER & GALLET
PARIS

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Vagabond Loafer

by Guy Gilpatric



Illustrated by
JOSEPH SIMPSON

ALONG the Cros the fishermen were hauling in their nets. Children in berets and smocks were playing marbles on the hard white sand. Just beyond the Customs guard's shanty a party of gypsies were tethering their horses to the wagon wheels for the night. In front of the little church the *curé* was stalking like a black-robed sentinel, his forefinger between the pages of his breviary and his eyes on the sun as it sank redly behind the shoulder of Cap d'Antibes.

It was the grandest sunset I had ever seen—a spectacle so gorgeous that, perversely enough, my pleasure in beholding it was marred by a sense of my inability to convey its gorgeousness to anyone else. No writer, I felt, could even hope to describe it, and no painter, even if he succeeded in putting it down on canvas, would risk his reputation by exhibiting the result. For any picture of this sunset would look like all the pictures of sunsets ever lithographed on calendars, painted on panels of hand-organs, or stained on the Indian birch-bark souvenirs of Rockaway Beach, L.I.

As a matter of fact, it was only the sounds and smells of Cros-de-Cagnes which gave substance to the scene, and saved it from sentimental unreality. The children were too pretty, the curve of the houses beyond the beach too perfect, the *curé* too picturesque, to be convincing in any mere picture or description of themselves.

The gypsies, of course, were entirely too quaint. If they had had motor cars and camping trailers and V-necked sweaters and khaki pants, like American gypsies, their presence would have been supportable. But they had wagons which you felt had been built in Moldavia or Wallachia or some other strange, romantic place; wagons painted green and red and yellow, with little mirrors set in the sides in patterns of stars and crescents and Maltese crosses. The women wore the gay peplums of their tribe, and the bearded men had red sashes around the waists of their baggy corduroys. And not all of them were as dirty as all gypsies should be.

ONE of the men, in particular, was almost neat. He was smooth-shaven and darkly handsome. Although slight of build and younger than most of his fellows, he was evidently the boss. Thus, while the rest of them chopped wood and watered the horses, he stood aloof with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigarette and supervising the job. When at length the progress of things was ordered to his liking, he yawned, strolled down the beach in my direction, and paused to consider the sunset. I heard him humming to himself, and, just as I was beginning to realise that his song was not a wild Gitano *jota*, he raised his voice and broke into the words:

"Come on an' snuggle up, snuggle-uggle-uggle-up
To Daddy. . . ."

At such a time and in such a place this drivel was exceedingly strange and vastly funny. I laughed, and at the sound of my laughter he stopped his song and wheeled toward me in embarrassment. And then I was sorry.

"Excuse me," I said. "I really didn't mean to laugh. Only——I thought you were a gypsy."

"Okay, Bud!" he grinned. "I guess I didn't know I was singing out loud. And, anyway, I thought you was a Frenchman."

"No," I said, "I'm not a Frenchman. I'm from New York; and you are, too, or I miss my guess."

"Yair," he said. "N'Yawk, that's me, Mac. A Hunerd-'n-Eighty-Foist Street 'n the Bronx. I uster be a kike, but I'm a Bohemian now—a Ziguener, a Gitano, a gypsy. Kohn is my name—Irving Benjamin Kohn. Glad to meetcher."

We shook hands, lighted fresh cigarettes, and sprawled back upon our elbows in the sand. Mr. Kohn, due to my unexpected presence, seemed somewhat ill at ease. He gulped once or twice, and smiled foolishly.

"Y'know, I was just thinking to myself that that there is pretty dam' fine," he said, waving his hand toward the sun-dyed sea. "In fact, yair, by heck, all of it is," and he increased the scope of his gesture to include the entire universe. "Sometimes I'm afraid I'll wake up in Bellevue Horspital, or in the bughouse on Welfare Island, and hear 'em tell me it ain't real. I bet I've told myself a million times it's real. But I can't believe it yet." He stamped his heel into the sand, and drew so fiercely on his cigarette that each puff dragged the fire a quarter-inch along the white paper.

"Oh, it's real, all right," I assured him. "At least, I guess it is. I was just sort of wondering about it myself when you started to sing."

"Yair," he nodded. "It does make you wonder, don't it?" Then, smiling to himself and lowering his voice, "Why, say, lissen, Buddy, lemme tellyer something. . . ."

This is what he told me:

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

WHEN Irving Benjamin Kohn graduated from the New York High School of Commerce, where he hadn't wanted to go in the first place, he was seventeen years old. On graduation day Kohn *père* had caused the words "& Son" to be painted after his own name on the store sign; and, according to the placards in the window, he Slashed Prices To The Bone To Celebrate My Son Is In The Business, Suits And O'Coats Away Below Cost.

Now, by every rule of racial instinct, young Irving Benjamin should have deemed this a most auspicious send-off and a glamorous launching on a substantial career. But, strangely enough, he didn't. To him it was the fulfilment of a threat that had disturbed him for years; a life sentence to a life that he hated. For, somehow, the Jewish flare for barter was completely lacking from his character, and in its stead there was a gnawing, aching yearning to travel. It was possible that, generations before, a drop of Ziguener blood had found its way into the veins of the Kohns, although—and he had heard his grandfather say it—in all the ghetto of Innesbruck no family was held in higher esteem. It was more probable, he thought, that the cause was a book which he had borrowed from the library when he was eleven years old. He had forgotten the name of it, but it had been written by a guy named Locke.

"This book," said Irving Benjamin, "was about an old boid who was a juggler, and a kid he'd picked up somewheres, and all they done was loaf around Europe and have a hell of a swell time. I thought it was the softest life I ever heard of, and every time I looked out of the window and seen the air-shaft with Mrs. Blumberg cooking *gefulte* fish in the kitchen across the way, it made me feel homesick for places I'd never seen. Yair, homesick to get away from home—that's a funny one, ain't it?

"Well, always and always, I hoped I'd get a break, some time, and not have to work in the old man's store. But when I come home from school that graduation day and seen '& Son' on the sign, I knew I was hooked for keeps. Yair, and I broke right down and cried."

At first, old man Kohn attributed these tears to filial gratitude, and his heart swelled with pride. But when Irving tried to explain their true cause, his father snorted derision.

"Trevvel?" he said. "Phooey, hear the boy! Why say, lissen, Irving, you're crazy! What you want to spend your lifetime carrying a semple-case for, and sleeping in Pullmans and bum hotels? For why should you want to go on the road when we got right here the nicest little clothing business in the Bronx?"

Then Irving realised the futility of further explanation to a parent who thought of travel only in terms of sample-cases, railroad trains, and drummers' hotels—travel, which meant blue skies, green meadows, and the tree-fringed highways which we follow in our dreams.

Sample-cases! Well, he supposed, he'd simply have to go to work selling suits, and forget it. . . .

HE went to work, but he couldn't forget it. In the gloom of the store the narrow aisles between the racks of clothing would suddenly become leafy lanes, and as suddenly turn back to cheviots, serges, and bargains in mohairs. For the rest of the day, then, Irving Benjamin would wander around in a nostalgic daze while the old man scolded him and called him loafer.

After three miserable years of this the elder Kohn died. Irving sold the store, gave the proceeds to his mother, and bought himself a taxicab.

"In answer to the girl's summons, one of them came over, lighted

"For, you see," he explained, "Mommer was pretty old, and there was only her and my sister Sarah, who wasn't married yet, and I figured I'd better not git out of New York and leave 'em all alone. Maybe I have got gypsy blood, and maybe, again, I haven't; but, first of all, I'm a Jew, and we always stick sorter close in the family. So I done the best I could to see the woild without leaving town. And when you're driving a hack you do see it, Buddy, believe me!"

Of course, driving a taxi through the streets of Manhattan was a far cry from vagabonding through the hamlets of Provençe, but it was so much better than working in the store that Irving Benjamin took a new lease of life.

"You got no idea the kick I got out of it, at foist," he said. "I was on top of the woild. East side, West side, all around the town, that was me! Yep, and sometimes I'd git a fare for Rye or Portchester, or maybe some place way out on Long Island. It was fun, sure, but I didn't

a fresh candle, and examined Irving Benjamin's wound

know the half of it. Nope, Buddy, and you don't know the half of it either!"

He paused to light a cigarette and to ruminate the half I didn't know. After a dozen puffs, which spelled confusion to the gnats that swarmed mistily overhead, he picked up his story at a point which found him cruising eastward through Forty-Eighth Street, shortly after two o'clock one morning. He was driving slowly, he said, because every other house on the block was a speakeasy, and in the small hours speakeasy patrons are good pickings.

He saw a man emerging from a basement gate on the right. This man seemed to be in a hurry. He came up the steps of the area-way in one bound, and ran towards Irving Benjamin's cab as though the devil was after him.

As a matter of fact, several devils were after him, and they started blazing away with automatic pistols.

Irving heard the door of his cab slam closed, and the ear-splitting roar of three shots as his passenger unlimbered his artillery through the window. He shoved the accelerator to the floor and swung away from the curb. As he did so a figure sprang from behind a lamp-post and fired twice. Irving saw a white spider-web appear on the windshield before him, with a little hole right in the centre of it. The hole was in line with his right hand, which was suddenly limp and bloody.

The man at the curb was about to fire again. Irving yanked the wheel with his left hand and steered straight for him. There was a bump, a scream, a crunch. But Irving didn't stop.

"Hey, slow down, slow down, we're okay now!" said a voice behind him. "Lemme out, kid. I'm going back to get them guys."

Irving slowed down, and his fare leaped out.

FROM a dozen directions, it seemed, police whistles were shrilling and night-sticks were tapping the alarm upon the echoing sidewalks. Speeding toward him, not a block away, was a car with blue-coats standing on the running-boards. These cops had pistols in their hands.

A cold wave of panic swept over Irving. "Cripes!" he said to himself. "If them Turks ketch me, I'll be sent up the river for life!"

But he made up his mind that they wouldn't catch him. He opened his motor wide, and tore though the almost deserted streets at fifty miles an hour. At First Avenue he swung dizzily southward. At Forty-Sixth Street a milk-truck lumbered across his way, and because he was driving with his left hand he crashed into the rear of it.

He must have been dazed by the shock, for when he came to himself he was surprised to find that he was running through a dark side-street and that First Avenue was halt a block behind him. His legs, he said, were moving by themselves, and he was astonished at the speed with which they carried him. But his breath was coming in gasps, and suddenly his knees seemed to melt.

"It was a funny feeling," he told me. "I took a brody right on my pan on the sidewalk, and though I was unconscious, I knew that I was unconscious. Yair, and all the time I was thinking to myself that the cops would trace me through my hack number, and Mommer would die of shame when she heard I was pinched."

He was not aware of being carried from the sidewalk, but suddenly he heard a man's voice saying, "Kohn! Kohn! Kohn!" and the voice of a girl talking in an unfamiliar tongue.

He heard his name repeated again, and tried to move. "Yair, Kohn," he murmured, "but don't tell the cops."

The girl laughed and said in English, "Don't be afraid. But what is your name?"

"Why, Kohn," said Irving Benjamin, managing to open his eyes. "Kohn, like I told you. What is this anyway, a gag?"

By the dim light of candles he saw that he was lying on a cot in a vacant store, the window of which was coated with whitewash to prevent people on the street from looking in. In the middle of the room was an oil stove with five or six strangers sitting around it. Standing on one side of him was an old man with a beard, and on the other side was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She had a yellow cloth on her head and big gold hoops in her ears. He concluded that these people must be dagoes.

"My father was asking me who you were," said the girl. "'Kohn' means 'who' in our language. Are you by chance a Tsigane?"

"No," said Irving Benjamin, "I am a kike."

The girl translated this to the old man. Then, turning to Irving, "My father is very much interested in you. He says that you look like a gypsy, and that he cannot understand how you can have a gypsy name if you aren't one. He wants to know how you were shot in the hand and why you were running away."

"I killed a man," said Irving, simply. "I killed him because he was trying to kill me."

When this statement had been translated the old man nodded his head in sympathetic understanding.

"We will hide you," said the girl. "My father believes that you really must be one of us—a member of one of our lost *tabors*, tribes."

Irving felt foolish and light-headed. "Tell him he's crazy," he said, smiling up at her. "I'm strickly kosher, like I told you. Say, baby, my hand is starting to hurt something fierce. Hold it for me, will yer?"

Up to this point the group around the stove had paid not the slightest attention to the proceedings. They behaved as though there was nothing at all strange in having a wounded man dragged from the streets to sanctuary among them. But now, in answer to the girl's summons, one of them came over, lighted a fresh candle, and examined Irving Benjamin's wound. Producing a package of dry leaves from an old tin tobacco box he made a poultice and bandaged the bullet-pierced hand.

"He says it passed between the bones, and so you need not worry," said the girl. "He is the best doctor in the world for men and dogs and horses. You had better go to sleep."

Irving felt her cool hand on his forehead. He had lost much blood and was faint. "Don't tell the cops," he murmured, as he drifted off.

For the next week Irving never stirred out of the store. At first he was too weak; later, he was too afraid. Every step on the pavement outside was to him the footfall of the law; each car that passed in the street was the patrol wagon loaded with coppers.

He spent his time shivering with fear and talking with Janschi. He was ashamed to shiver when she was near. From her he learned that it was customary for gypsies, when their affairs brought them into a big city, to rent vacant stores in which to live. It was cheap; it left them free to go and come as they chose; and it was rather like the camping which was their normal mode of life. Houses or flats, with their stairs and furniture and inquisitive neighbours, were not to the Tsigane taste. There were eight besides Irving in this store on Forty-Sixth Street, and they slept on piles of straw around the edges of the room. The cot which Irving occupied belonged to Janschi, who, as the chief's daughter, was treated with great respect. The rest of the *tabor*—sixty or seventy people—were quartered in other stores in the neighbourhood.

From the very outset Irving was aware that the old man took a deep though puzzled interest in him. It was apparent that he believed Irving to be a gypsy strayed or stolen from some camp in childhood, or the member of a *tabor* lost to the gypsy race even as the tribes were lost to Israel. With pretty Janschi to interpret, he spent hours talking to Irving, cross-questioning him about his parents, his religion, and his manner of life. The fugitive was reminded of his boyhood ordeals before the inquisitorial Rabbi Rosenblatt, and with the thin-lipped Gentile pedant who had tried to teach him algebra in school.

On the eighth day the herb-doctor removed the bandages from Irving's hand. The wound was still very painful and ugly to look upon, but it was closed and healing healthily.

It was a moment that Irving had dreaded. "Well," he said as he exercised his fingers and tried not to tremble with nervousness, "I guess I might as well be going. Jan, if you can borrow me a razor from one of the bunch I'll just clean up and shove off."

She knelt beside him, her black eyes wide and moist. "Don't go," she said. "Please don't go. The police will catch you—you know they will! Stay with us, and in another week you'll be safe——unless . . ." she bit her lip and looked away, "unless you really want to leave us . . ."

Suddenly he stooped and kissed her. "Want to leave you? God, kid, I never want to leave you! But I can't stay cooped up here the rest of my life . . ."

"No," she said. "You won't have to. The *tabor* is going to Spain. That is why we are all gathered here in New York. Some of the families have gone already. My father and I and six of the others sail on Wednesday. Come with us—my father wants you, and so do I. Why, look," she went on, without giving him time to answer, "we have even forged you a passport!"

He looked, and saw a passport made out in the name of Dinu Negoitza, subject of Roumania, but bearing a photograph of Irving Benjamin Kohn. This photograph, he realised, had been taken from the hack-licence which had been in his wallet.

He thought of his mother and his sister Sarah. He thought of the cops, and the big stone prison up the river. Then he thought of Spain, and his vision of it was a white road through a peaceful country.

He felt Janschi's hand brush tenderly across the back of his wounded one.

"Okay," he told her; "I'll go."

He went.

". . . And that was three years ago," he said to me. "Three years ago. We been clear from Cadiz to Buda-Pesth; and now we're working back westward to Marseilles. When Janschi's father died they made me the boss of the outfit, and I sent home for Mommer. We just keep moving all the time, trading horses and telling fortunes and mending waggons and curing sick cattle. But moving, moving all the time."

"But why?" I asked. "Is it true that the gypsies are always looking for . . . something?"

"Nope," he said, shaking his head. "I dunno why it is exackly, but it ain't that. I've got all I'll ever want, and then some. Take that sunset, for instance. That's mine, ain't it? Well, a hell of a chiseller I'd be if I wanted more than that!"

There was only a thin red line above Antibes now—a line that was repeated in the purple water. But, as he said, it was enough.

"You're a lucky man, Mr. Kohn," I told him. "I hope your luck will last. But, if you'll take a word of advice from me, you'll go easy on telling your story to strangers. The law, you know, has a long memory and a long arm."

"Law?" said Irving Benjamin. "Oh, yair, I meant to let you in on the big laugh. Here, take a flash at this."

I took the newspaper clipping which he produced from his pocket-book and read:

TAXI HERO SAVES SLEUTH'S LIFE.

RUNS OVER GUNMAN, RESCUES COP, THEN VANISHES.

HONOURS AWAIT KOHN FOR BRAVERY IN FATAL GANG CLEAN-UP.

"Well, well, well," I said. "This is great stuff, Mr. Kohn, great stuff! It must have been a load off your mind when you found out the truth. How did you get hold of this?"

"Jan gave it to me in Valencia, the day after we was married," chuckled Irving Benjamin. "She'd known about it all the time. But she held out on me till she was sure she had me hooked. Yair, the little son-of-a-gun!—can you beat it?"

G. G.

HEATHER ANGEL

Who has appeared in many stage successes, including "London Wall," is rapidly coming very much to the fore in British films. She is now playing a leading part, that of a farmer's daughter, in "Bill the Conqueror," a British International picture being produced at Elstree

JANE GORDON

writes on

The FASHIONS of the WEEK

COCKTAIL parties are rather like epidemics. Weeks may elapse with not a sign of one, and then suddenly someone will break out, and everybody else will catch the idea. During the last week there have been almost more cocktail parties than we have known what to do with. There was an enormous one in Knightsbridge, where the cocktail party was going on down-

It is a joy to find an attractive yet practical hat in a season when the majority of hats can only be worn in a Rolls-Royce. It is made in dark blue felt, with matching gros-grain ribbon

stairs, and a fully fledged dance up stairs. Only the fact that people were in day dress reminded one of dinner engagements and prevented the guests from dancing until three or four in the morning. I don't believe there is another town in the world that could produce so many pretty girls as this one party collected. Perhaps the prettiest of the lot was Lady Brougham and Vaux. She was dressed in a violet woollen material suit consisting of a coat jumper, fastened high up by one shoulder with a square crystal and diamond jewel, and a plainly cut skirt of the same material. Her little round cap was made of this material, with a small bow on one side, and she wore round her neck two dull grey foxes.

THE colour of her suit was absolutely perfect with her pale gold hair and pink and white complexion. Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, who is dark as Lady Brougham and Vaux is fair, wore a short tailored coat of grass green cloth, a dark brown skirt of breitchwanz cloth, and a brown hat.

IT is rather unkind of twins or sisters to dress alike at cocktail parties. They make one so suspicious of the drink provided. The Beaton sisters were at a cocktail party the other evening both dressed in scarlet jackets and dark blue or black skirts, and at the same party the Ruthven twins were both wearing dark dresses and white woolly lamb short coats. Cocktail parties go on so late in these days that many people come to them in evening dress so that they can get on to dinner without bothering to go home and change. Mrs. "Pop" D'Erlanger came to a party the following evening wearing a lacquer-red sequined waist-length jacket over a sapphire blue velvet evening dress. The mixture of these two shades was charming with her platinum-blonde hair.

THERE is nothing modest or unassuming about the necklaces that women wear with day clothes this season, and they are made of everything in the world from rice and gelatine to steel. There is a necklace in one of the Berkeley Street shops made of the snaky looking flexible steel cord of which watch chains are made. The necklace consists of four or five of these chains attached with imitation onyx, several of them hanging down like a flat tassel in front, each one with a drop of imitation onyx. Mrs. Richard McCreery wears a necklace of much the same shape of red silk and silver tinsel, with a red costume, and it is extremely effective. None of these necklaces, however, compares in originality with one owned by Madame Guevara, who was Miss Meraud Guinness, which is made of real missionaries' bones!

UNTIL now all diamond bracelets have looked more or less the same to me. At last, however, a famous Bruton Street jeweller has designed something really original in this line. It is a most lovely bracelet, about an inch wide, made of carved emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and trapeze diamonds which are like square-cut diamonds. All these stones are in strange shapes and put together like a patchwork quilt, and the result is a thousand times better than any diamond bracelet, no matter how perfect. There is not a woman in London who can boast a bracelet like this. Rubies have come back into fashion after a great many years of unpopularity, and those who can afford them are wearing necklaces, bracelets, and ear-rings of ruby beads and rings of carved rubies. Women who wear these rings should be careful not to have their nails varnished a blood red colour because they absolutely ruin the rubies.

IT is amusing to notice the difference in dance orchestras when they are broadcasting to a few million listeners-in instead of simply playing for a hundred or so guests on the floor before them. People supping at a well-known restaurant the other evening were surprised at the orchestra's apparent determination to keep them on the dance floor continuously with new and

Sari Maritza wears this black velour hat, appropriately named "Mephisto"

entrancing music until they saw the little box hanging in front of the leader, and realised that he was not really playing for them at all. A well-dressed woman sitting at the table next to me had an evening bag made of patchwork silk and velvet. It was rather too large and square, but it occurred to me that if a jeweller can make a patchwork bracelet, patchwork evening bags of the Bond Street type, delicately worked in brilliant silks and velvets and jewelled clasps, would be enormous successes.

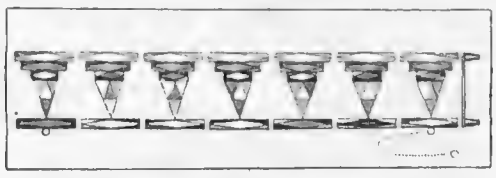
ALTHOUGH London is seething with blondes and platinum blondes, there are extraordinarily few women with blue-black hair, and yet this colour is often more effective than any other. Mrs. Edward Wills was wearing a few nights ago a most original evening dress consisting of a white lace jumper and a black velvet skirt. She wore three large pink roses on the jumper, and her striking colouring made the ensemble most effective. She and Mrs. James Tamblyn are about the only two women in London whose hair is so black that it can really be described as blue-black.

Antoine has designed this coiffeur specially for "The Bystander." It illustrates a new version of the "Windblown shingle;" the double parting forms the platinum-blonde-dyed bandeau, which is stretched to the back of the head. The bright silver necklace, bracelet and earrings are of English Colonial influence

ONE of the newest ways of arranging your hair is to have little bits and pieces which are half curls and half tiny, uneven fringes cut and brushed down over part of your forehead. Anita Loos has worn her hair this way for a long time; but now any number of women are doing so. One of the people who it suits best is Mrs. David Tennant (Hermione Baddeley). She looked particularly well the other afternoon wearing a tailored suit of black breitchwanz cloth with a satin blouse of a dull purplish shade and an off-the-forehead hat with an enormous jewel brooch pinned in the centre back of it.

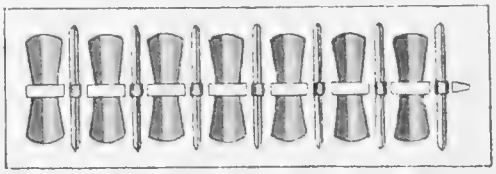
ENGLISH dressmakers are always reluctant to use materials to which they are unaccustomed. Starched nets, mousselines and waxed or ciré satins, nets and chiffons are used by all the Paris couturiers; but are seldom seen over here. Mrs. Cecil Pim, who is one of the best-dressed women in London, was wearing at a party the other evening a black chiffon dress encrusted with diamond-shaped pieces of ciré chiffon and a short bolero jacket of the same ciré chiffon. This gown actually came from one of the very few English dressmakers who has courage enough to use unusual materials. In Paris some of the best-looking evening frocks are tailored in the finest possible face cloth; but when these models are bought for England they are copied in satin or crêpe de Chine. Over her shoulders was a dark red circular velvet cape, cut short in front and waist length at the back. It was bordered with a feather boa of exactly the same colour.

IF you are interested in old jewellery, you should take a walk down Bond Street, where you will see in one of the jeweller's shops a set of Louis XVI buttons. There are six of them, each one slightly larger than a five-shilling bit. They are composed of diamonds, with a centre of ruby glass enamel studded with diamonds, and a circle of glass enamel that looks like the loveliest long sapphires. The price of these buttons is £500.



The bracelet seen above is of yellow crystal, cornelian and onyx. The top bar and triangular shaped motif are crystal, the second bar cornelian, the third and bottom strips onyx

IT looks as if Noel Coward, through the medium of *Cavalcade*, is going to be directly responsible for the return of a lot of Edwardian fashions. The feather boa has already made its appearance. A very tall woman was dancing at the May Fair a few nights ago in a dark red crêpe de



This attractive bracelet is of gold and silver. The wedge-shaped pieces are gold and the centre portion silver. The spiked-shaped pieces are silver with gold centres

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

"Tea Tom's" Life Story : By "Junius"

If Sir Thomas Lipton had been the invention of a novelist instead of being a solid Irish-Scottish reality, we should all have said that his creation was beyond the bounds of possibility; a modern Monte Cristo as fantastic as that of Dumas himself. Some months before he died Sir Thomas completed his autobiography with the help of Mr. William Blackwood. You will find *Leaves from the Lipton Logs* (Hutchinson: 12*s.* 6*d.*) more romantic than most novels, and more amusing than many books of humour.

The rise of "Tea Tom" from a little ten-year-old errand-boy in Glasgow to multi-millionaire before he was fifty is a romance in British shop-keeping. He himself attributed his immediate success with his first shop—started on a capital of £100 when he was twenty-one—to advertisement. In fact, he was the pioneer in this now essential part of trading; and the more successful he became the more he advertised. From the little shop in Stobcross Street, Glasgow, which in the beginning he worked single-handed, Lipton shops spread over Scotland and England with amazing rapidity, until ultimately it became necessary to move the central offices to London.

An outstanding instance of Sir Thomas's amazing grasp of business is his story of how he became a tea-planter. He heard that certain estates in Ceylon were for sale. He went there, and although he knew "as much about tea-planting as Euclid knew about motoring," within a week or two of his arrival had invested over a hundred thousand pounds in plantations, and made another fortune out of the slogan, "Direct from the Tea Garden to the Teapot." Within a few months he paid the Customs a cheque for £15,000 for duties, and later on over £50,000 for one clearance of nearly three million pounds of tea. Another romance of commerce.

That famous story-teller, the late Lord Dewar, was an old friend of Sir Thomas. Of his many amusing stories, re-told in the book, the following has not appeared in print before. An American tourist had paid a shilling to be shown over Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles. The guide, having taken him over, pointed to a chair, saying dramatically, "In this very chair sat Milton!" "Who did you say?" asked the visitor, "Milton? I thought you said Lipton! Give me back my shilling!"

Sir Thomas's only disappointment in life was his failure to win the America Cup after five attempts and the spending of a huge fortune on successive Shamrocks. But here his cheery optimism did not fail him, and right to the end he hoped for success. A genial, happy record this, of one of the monarchs of British commerce.

Nobody who read Miss Elizabeth Jenkins' first book, *Virginia Water*, can have forgotten its strength and charm. With her second book, *The Winters* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), she gives further proof of her unusual power of characterisation and a mastery of style equally unusual in so young a writer. And it is only when you have read *The Winters* that the full significance of the story comes to you, and you realise that Lady Winter, apparently so easy-going and so understanding, has really dominated and directed the lives of her grandchildren. This is a character of which a mature novelist might well be proud.

Howard Coster

THE LATE SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Whose posthumous autobiography, "Leaves from the Lipton Logs," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Hutchinson at 12s. 6d.

Miss Jenkins' setting is modern. Lady Winter, one of the early advocates of women's independence, is non-critical, if not wholly sympathetic, towards the atmosphere around her two grandsons, Henry and Edward, who live with her, and her two granddaughters, one of whom, Adelaide, is a worker and lives alone in Bloomsbury; and the other, Caroline, who lives with her father and does nothing amongst a world of women who all "do something." But Lady Winter knows everything—Henry's affair with a girl in a tobacconist's shop; the physical and mental reasons that lead Caroline to throw herself at the feet of George Farren, the actor; and Adelaide's deep-rooted affection for Henry.

I have read no fairer presentment of the attitude to life of modern young people with brains. They all accept the facts of life from their own point of view. Lady Winter sees their point but gains her own. Miss Jenkins has such mastery that you yourself look on life in that Hampstead home out of five different pairs of eyes. There is no effort. The atmosphere of the house, the emotions and reactions of the grandchildren, the calm wisdom and foresight of the grandmother, are all created with a delicate fidelity and profound understanding. Lovers of London will delight in the beauty of Miss Jenkins' descriptions of familiar places.

Myself, I cannot see what purpose is served by such stories of public-school life as *Destination* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Leonid Bely. If such stories are true, a novel is not the vehicle for their public expression. If they are untrue, why throw gratuitous mud upon a public school? In this particular instance if the author wanted to state a case he has failed through his own exaggerations. Such a headmaster as Mr. Rockingham would be impossible in a school of five hundred boys and of the standing of Lowton. Also, Simms, the whisky-saturated master, with his "soiled ties with the colours of unknown clubs beneath the camouflage of ink, grease, and receding chin," would not have been kept there for a week. And the only fitting place for a schoolboy with the psychological precocity of Ewan Moray would be an air-tight glass case in a medical museum. Whether Mr. Bely has written from experience or imagination, he is to be condoned with; either one or the other must be singularly unpleasant.

I find a sad attraction in *Sleeping Echo* (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Catherine M. Verschoyle. It is the story of a woman's tragedy made all the more poignant by the restraint with which it is written, and the dignity of the atmosphere in which it is enacted. Profound emotions sweep to and fro beneath an outward surface of calm. Bridget Luttrell, after a brief time of marriage, has been obliged to divorce her husband. After seven years he begs her to take the child of the "other woman." This she does without the least hesitation. "Nothing a really good woman does need surprise us," says Angus Ogilvy, to whom, afterwards, she becomes engaged.

She devotes her life to the child, Almond, the oddest, most unexpected little imp. Ogilvy is drowned within a fortnight of their marriage, and Bridget is left to realise that "in the opportunities for patience, understanding, and love . . . she was in the last resort as blest as most of the children of men can hope to be this side heaven." A slender story, but throbbing with humanity and beautifully written.

Five Reasons why no other Brandy possesses the medical qualities of COGNAC BRANDY

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All are important but ① & ⑤ are decisive and defy imitation

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Stage Photo Co.

"— A CANDLE TO LIGHT YOU TO BED"

Samuel Pepys (Frank Cellier) bids good-night to Mrs. Pepys (Yvonne Arnaud), in a scene from the revival of James B. Fagan's delightful play, "And so to Bed." It can—and should—be seen at the Globe Theatre

FOR the YOUNG FOLK

Christmas without chocolates would be unthinkable, but they must come from a reputable firm. Cadbury's are offering beautiful boxes containing popular assortments

Few boys can resist the thrill of owning electric scale models of the big locomotives. This Bassett-Lowke, High Holborn, model of The Royal Scot is made in Britain

Eagerly welcomed, from the tree or in the stocking, Macintosh's Toffee de Luxe is known to be wholesome and delicious. Their chocolates are the sort that melt in the mouth

Above: The velvet corduroy outfit has waterproof propensities. It is made in sizes to fit children of three years and upwards. Milwata garments will withstand the most torrential rain and still look smart

Right: Everybody is playing the new Corinthian Bagatelle. It is an equally fascinating game for two or for a crowd. It can be acquired at Woollands, Knightsbridge, for 21s.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

gifts to warm and cheer you

Every drop of Mackinlay's M.L. is twelve years old, with a true and mellow Highland flavour. Both M.L. and V.O.B. would brighten Christmas and New Year considerably

Charles Heidsieck extra dry champagne should figure prominently in the wine list at Christmas. The very sparkle sets the pulses tingling with anticipation

Below: Earlywarm blankets have luxury warmth without weight. They have been made at Witney since the days of the Stuart kings, in several grades, both white and coloured

Below: A most considerate gift to anyone whose house is wired for electricity would be a Blake fire from Drake and Gorham, Long Acre. It glows and flickers

Soothing and cheering—Craven A will provide the necessary adjunct to the after-dinner coffee. They will not harm the throat as the cork tip gives a cool smoke

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano.*

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT

PARFUM

Festival

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS PERFUME EXHALES ITS PERFECTION AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

Bayley's new "Chubby" Shaving Stick for 1/3 is a friend in need. In emergency the cap can be used for hot water. Refills can be acquired at a moderate price

The boredom of a lengthy journey by train or car can be greatly relieved if a De Reszke is indulged in occasionally. The Golden Casket is decidedly decorative and very useful

gifts for the TRAVELLER

The open-air lover needs protection for the skin from the elements. Beetham's Larola is excellent for its soothing qualities, reinforced by the powder and Rose Bloom

Below: From Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, distinctive luggage department comes this case in morocco with enamel and silver gilt fittings. It is shaped so that it can be easily carried; the tray closes as a separate case

Below: Here is a whisky that can accompany the traveller without inconvenience. King George IV Whisky is packed in special cases holding either one or two bottles and is always sure of a welcome at Christmas

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

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Corner of Glasshouse St.

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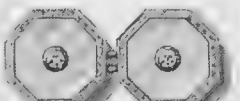
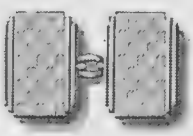
Coffee or Hot Water Jug - - - - £3.0.0
Tea Pot - - - - - - £3.0.0
Sugar Basin - - - - - - £1.2.6
Cream Jug - - - - - - 17.6
Complete £8.0.0

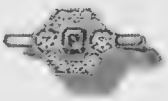


Mother o'Pearl, Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Links, per pair - - - £7.0.0

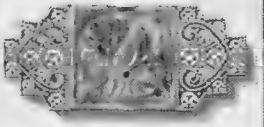


18 ct. Gold Links, per pair £3.7.6

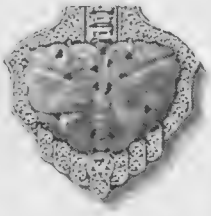
Diamond and Platinum Ring £25.0.0



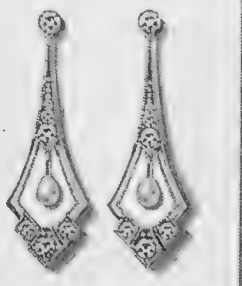
Emerald, Diamond, Platinum Ring £22.10.0



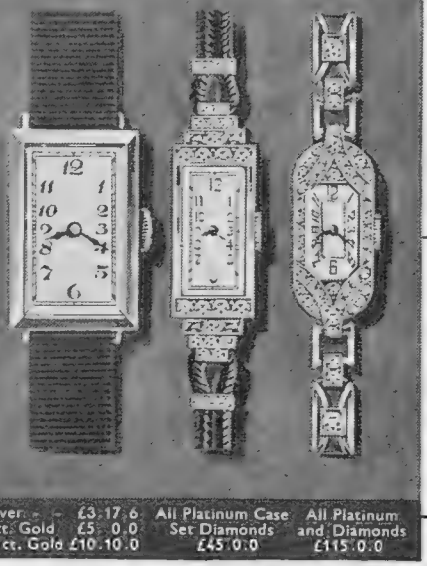
Carved Jade, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Brooch - £12.10.0



Carved Jade, Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Clip-on Brooch - - - £45.0.0



Diamond, Pearl, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Ear-rings, per pair - - - - £18.0.0

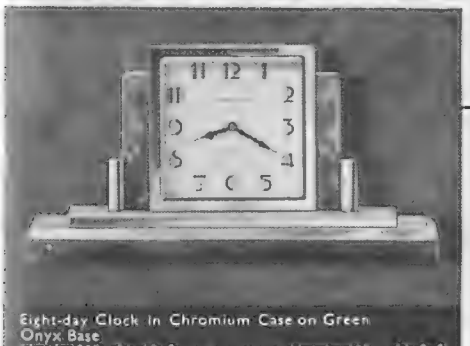


Silver - - £3.17.6 All Platinum Case Set Diamonds £45.0.0 All Platinum and Diamonds £115.0.0
9 ct. Gold £5.0.0
18 ct. Gold £10.10.0

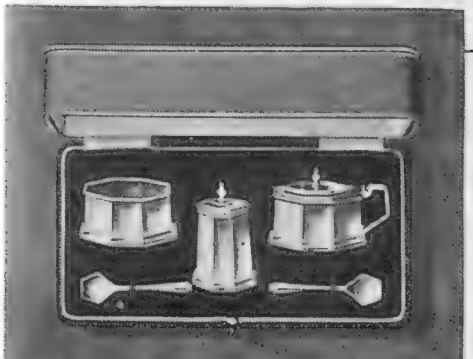
A New Travelling Clock with luminous dial. Size 3" × 4½" Morocco or Pigskin - - - £5 10 0
With Alarm - - - - - £6 15 0
Crocodile or Lizard - - - - £7 0 0
With Alarm - - - - - £8 5 0
Date Clock. The day of the month, which is indicated by a figure on the dial, changes automatically at midnight. In Morocco - - £3.5.0

Dressing Case in polished Pigskin, with Mirror in Lid, fitted with Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel and glass Toilet Requisites. Size closed 12" × 9½" × 2¾" £23.10.0

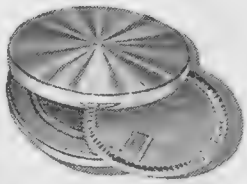
Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel Manicure Fittings with Steel Scissors, in velvet lined case - - £2.2.0



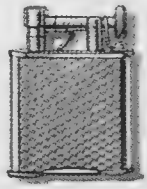
Eight-day Clock in Chromium Case on Green Onyx Base
Height 3½" £4.10.0 - - Height 4½" £6.0.0



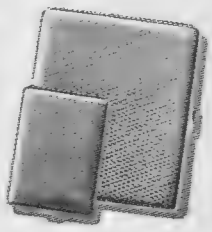
Sterling Silver Condiment Set in velvet lined case. One Mustard Pot, two Salt Cellars, and two Pepper Pots, complete in case - - - £3.17.6



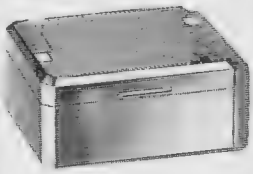
Sterling Silver-gilt mounted and Enamel Vanity Case with Sifter for loose powder, with Mirror in lid. Various Colours, £1.10.0



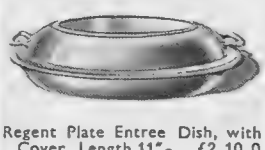
Sterling Silver Engine-turned Pocket Lighter - - £1.5.0
9 ct. Gold - - - £10.10.0



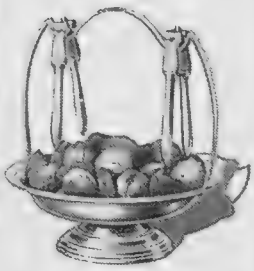
Sterling Silver, Engine-turned Cigarette Case
3½ × 2¾" - - - £1.7.6
3½ × 3½" - - - £1.15.0
3½ × 3¾" - - - £2.5.0
4½ × 3½" - - - £2.10.0
Sterling Silver, Engine-turned Tear-off Match Case - 15.0



Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, with engine-turned lid, lined cedar
Length 4" £2.10.0, 5½" £3.7.6
6½" £4.5.0



Regent Plate Entree Dish, with Cover. Length 11" - £2.10.0
The lid forms an extra dish



Regent Plate Nut Dish with 2 pairs of Nut Crackers - £1.15.0

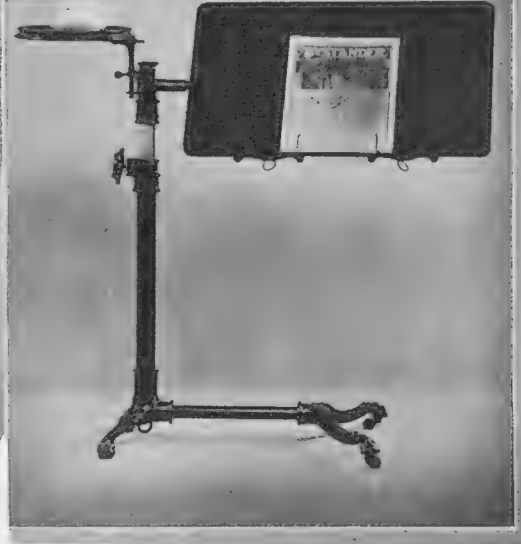
Ideal Gifts

The name of Fromy Rogée signifies that the brandy is genuine cognac from the best districts of the Charentes. Their method has always been quality rather than quantity

Dessert chocolates for Christmas Day are sure to be appreciated if they come from Kunzle, of Regent Street. Their tablets of various fillings are delicious

Sweet tobacco from Virginia is found in Wills' "Three Castles" cigarettes. A box of 100 of their special Gold Flake would make a thoughtful gift

Few houses would not welcome a cover for the "Radio Times" if as attractive as this one from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street Coloured raffia is cleverly used



Comfort can be indulged in to the full with a table that has a flat foot to slip under the fireside chair. Foots, of Great Portland Street, are responsible

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

elegance

Admiring glances, in which envy is barely hidden, tell how that shade suits her, how that lovely swirl accords with her figure. Supreme elegance rewards a choice from among **Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics.**

Your important gowns, your simplest frocks, your most slender intimate attire, each gain special graces when a **Courtauld Fabric** plays the leading role. New colourings and charmingly **different** weaves prove completely safe—the **Courtauld House Mark** seen on each piece shows that colours, textures and wearing qualities are quite trustworthy. You see more novelties, obtain better values, attain the peak of elegance, when you ask directly for **Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics.**

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FLYING NOTES

ACROSS THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Flight-Lieut. Jenkins, Chief Instructor at the Air Service Training School at Hamble, talking to the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, the first woman to take a course of blind flying. The machine, an Avro Tutor, is fitted with a hood over its rear seat, so that the pupil has to manœuvre entirely by instruments, which are illuminated

A Great British Triumph

SQ.-LDR. BERT HINKLER's flight from Natal in Brazil to Bathurst in British West Africa is one of those which can be truly described as an epic. It is the first flight across the Atlantic in a light aeroplane, and second only to Lindbergh's as a solo flight. The distance covered from shore to shore is actually greater than that between Newfoundland and Ireland. The Puss Moth was fitted, of course, with a Gipsy engine, lubricated with Wakefield's Castrol, and the journey over nearly two thousand miles of open sea was accomplished in approximately twenty-two hours. The flight was one of a series of long stages on a roundabout homeward journey from New York to London. Anyone who knows America will appreciate that to get from New York to West Africa, stopping only at Kingston, Jamaica, the Maracaibo oil fields in Venezuela, Port of Spain, Trinidad, Fort Aleza, and Natal in the north-east of Brazil, is a considerable feat. Unfortunately for British aviation, Sq.-Ldr. Hinkler, although one of our finest pilots, is extremely modest, and therefore many of his remarkable exploits have passed comparatively unnoticed by the public.

Auto-Gyration

SIGNOR CIERVA'S windmill 'plane is attracting a great deal of attention nowadays amongst people other than the experts who had the opportunity of flying it whilst watching its development for the last two or three years. Air-Commodore J. G. Weir, who is interested in the company producing these machines, told me some months ago that it was the only machine he had flown on which he could guarantee to make a good landing every time. His wife has become a private owner, and is probably the only woman in the country to fly solo in the Auto-giro. If it is a fact that she learnt to fly this machine after less than an hour's dual, it means that instruction will be very much simplified when the type becomes a common one in the clubs. I am quite sure that people ought to learn on the normal type of machine before going on to the Auto-giro, more particularly so that they may appreciate the advantage of landing in a large field, in spite of the fact that an almost vertical descent can be made by the latter machine in a small one. The trouble about a forced landing, or for that matter any landing other than on a prepared aerodrome, often occurs when it comes to take off again. The Auto-giro still needs a reasonable space in order to leave the ground.

The Graf Zeppelin being refuelled at Staaken Aerodrome, Berlin, by the latest mobile electric petrol pump. The advantage gained by taking fuel to the aircraft in this manner is considerable

A Weak Link in the Chain

IT is rumoured that a temporary extension of the Indian mail from Karachi eastwards is to be made in the New Year by a Delhi syndicate using Puss Moths. Whilst everyone knows this machine as the best cabin type light aeroplane in the world, it seems a little odd that our great Indian Empire's contribution to the air link with Australia is to cover no more than a service of this nature. Unfortunately for India, its politicians, both British and Indian, know nothing of aviation, and appear to care less, so that the business man who would use the air line gets no reply to his protests that something should be started more in keeping with India's importance as a great commercial country. There is just a chance that the well-known industrial firm, Tata's, of Bombay, will come to the rescue and provide a service on a big scale, but their offers in the past have always been shelved in favour of the official scheme for a State Service, which has now been dropped in such ignominious fashion.

Christmas Air Mails

FULL particulars can be obtained at any Post Office with regard to special arrangements for air mails to reach their destination by Christmas Day. A sporting attempt by the Australians to make a return flight to England before Christmas has been unlucky, fortunately without serious results to the crew. Air-Commodore Kingsford Smith is making an effort to deliver the Australian portion of the mail in England in good time, and if his machine is fast enough will carry the return mail to his own country. Demonstration flights with mails over the Empire routes are to be made shortly by high-speed machines.

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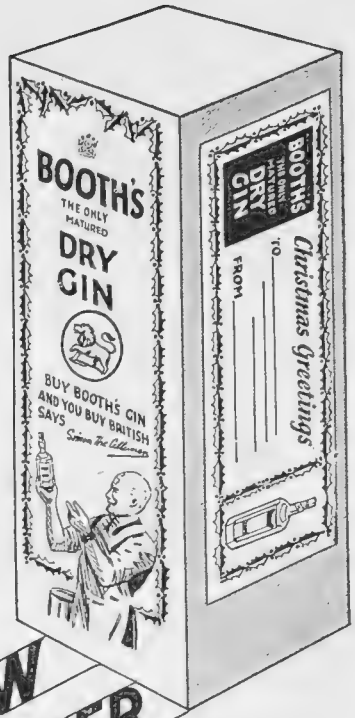

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Willing B.C. 35

DOGS

My Duty Towards My Dog Is—

By LADY KITTY RITSON

I WONDER how many people realise that if they keep a dog for their own pleasure they are responsible for its happiness, and just as responsible as they would be if they adopted a child. The dog finds itself in its present circumstances not because it asked to be here, but because you wished to have it. It was born not because it asked to be born, but because some human being desired a litter of puppies, or, alternatively, was too lazy to see that they did not come into being. Therefore, mankind collectively, and you, as the owner of the dog, specifically, are responsible for its well-being.

YOU may argue that Nature would have brought it into being if it had been born in a wild state. True; but Nature would have given it the necessary means of subsistence and would have seen that it was born into an environment where, little by little, it would learn the necessary lessons to enable it to compete with life. Now, it has been born into a sphere where it cannot find its own food, or, if it does, it is branded as a thief or a murderer, and where it has to learn to subordinate its every natural instinct to what you may demand.

It it not extraordinary that dogs, as a whole, are so marvellous, and that we, as a whole, are so unreasonable towards them?

BUT, having thought over these remarks, you cannot deny that our duty towards our dog is very marked, and that more often than not we fail very badly in that same duty. Indeed, I question whether many people would not laugh at this article, and say "Nonsense." But, even so, it does not lessen the truth of the matter, nor our failure to fulfil that duty. The day that we take a puppy into our house, we prepare for ourselves a certain number of duties, which it is shameful to forget.

But, having said all this, I have not, as the Americans say, "said a mouthful," for a very little common sense, a very little kindness, and a very little self-sacrifice will enable you to make your dog absolutely happy, and therefore healthy.

Evelyn Hope and Horace Hodges in a scene from "Champion North," the new play at the Royalty. Mr. Hodges is holding Westmorland King, the collie dog, which plays an important "thinking" part in the show

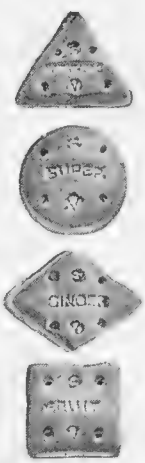
FIRST, if you live in a town, don't, for pity's sake, choose a big breed of dog, such as an Irish wolf-hound, a deer-hound, or an Alsatian. You cannot give them the exercise they need, even though you may take them in the park. They need miles of open space, where they can really stretch their limbs and get them well muscled-up. Choose a terrier, a dachshund, a Spitz, or something of that description. But don't imagine, even if you have one of these smaller breeds, that a walk on a lead is enough for it. These dogs also require running free, so as to fill them with a feeling of joie de vivre and to promote their circulation. If your answer to this is, "I simply haven't got the time," then you simply can't keep a dog and you are being terribly selfish in so doing.

DON'T think that "scraps" are sufficient food for the animal. They may prevent him from actually feeling hungry, but they don't nourish him and they don't keep his teeth in order. He must have dog biscuits and a little meat every day, and he must be given this in a clean basin which must be washed between meals, just as you would your own. And his drinking water must be changed twice a day.

Provide some sort of bed for him, which is out of the draught, and keep it in the same corner, so that he learns to go there instinctively, and see that it is brushed every day and kept clean. Now you can't say that these rules for his happiness are many or difficult, and if you don't like them, then, I repeat, don't keep a dog, because you are not worthy of one.

5d. to see how pleased he'll be!

For it only costs fivepence to buy a bag of Spillers Shapes. And in every bag there are biscuits of four shapes and flavours—WHEATMEAL, crisp for his teeth, SUPER—the vitamin biscuit for strength. FRUIT—with real fruit for the digestion. And GINGER—the appetiser, the canine cocktail!



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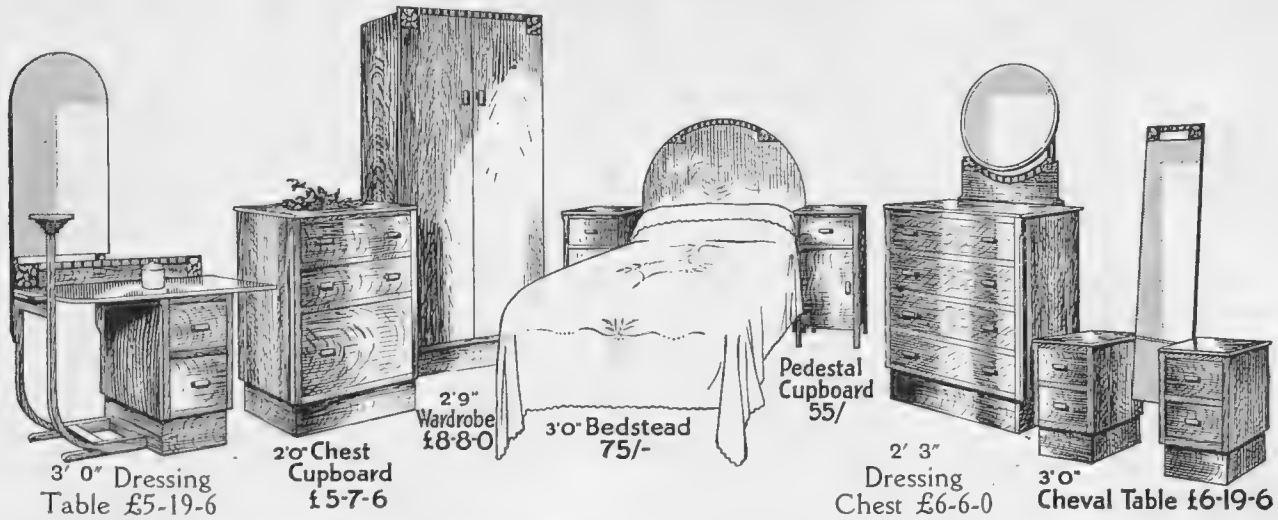

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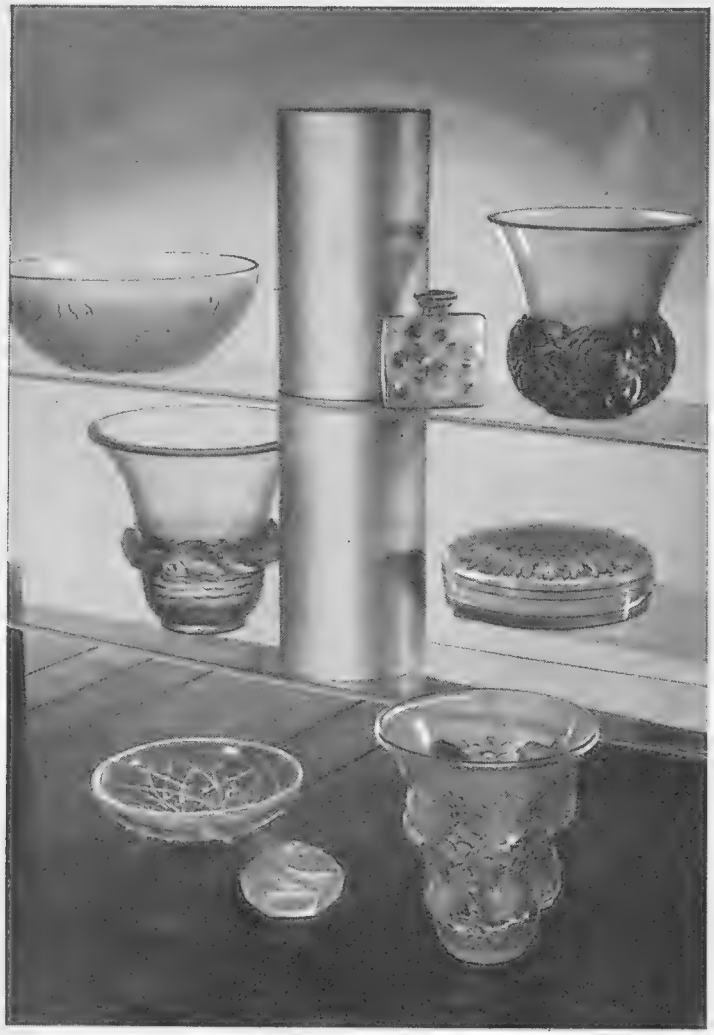

On top shelf: Bowl, "CHICORY," £1 1s.; Perfume Bottle, "SWALLOWS," £1 5s.; Vase, "RANUNCULUS," £3 3s.

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GOLF GOSSIP

A photograph taken during the match between Royal Wimbledon and Cambridge University, played on the former's course, and won by Cambridge by one point. Seen above are, from left to right, F. L. Hird (R. Wimbledon), I. K. MacRosty, the Cambridge Captain, J. W. P. Blenkin, of Cambridge, and Captain H. C. C. Tippet, of the Royal Wimbledon

FROM TEE TO GREEN

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

H. A. SALES, assistant to his father, E. Sales, the Sunningdale professional, who is only twenty-two years old, scored a victory by a margin of four strokes in the Guildford Alliance meeting at Burhill last week. In his round of seventy-two he only had one bad hole, and in that case it was his putting which let him down. The hole in question was the fifth (413 yards), his second shot was on the green not many yards from the pin, but he took four putts. At the twelfth (514 yards) his tee shot was, I should say, 320 yards, he reached the green with a beautiful spoon shot and secured a four. There is no doubt that he plays fine golf and that we shall hear more of him in the early future. Sales was playing off +1 instead of the usual assistants' mark of scratch, so his score was 72+1=73. Mr. J. J. Buchanan, of St. George's Hill, 80−4=76, tied with Mr. P. H. Slater (Bramshot), 81−5=76, for second place. Gus Faulkner (Bramley) and Mr. W. L. Hope, St. George's Hill, were second in the scratch scores with 75.

* * *

A STATEMENT has been made in America that the Walker Cup match is unlikely to be played this year owing to the unsettled financial conditions. This statement has called forth a reply stating that, so far as we are concerned, our team will be ready to play. It would be a great pity if the match did not take place; it must encourage competition amongst young players for places in the team.

* * *

IN the match between Cambridge University and Royal Wimbledon, at Wimbledon, the former won by one point. The match depended upon the result of the last single between P. H. F. White and S. Hill. White is a player to be relied upon, and he did not disappoint his side in this match, winning by 4 and 2. Captain H. C. C. Tippet, the Royal Wimbledon Secretary, was in great form, he was out in 32 and four up on MacRosty, the Cambridge captain, although the latter only took 35. MacRosty won only one hole, the thirteenth, Tippet proving the winner by 4 and 3.

* * *

LEN RICHARDSON, a South African runner, has just played a round of eighteen holes in thirty-one minutes. He used one club, an iron, and holed out at every hole. This reminds one of other similar performances. My friend, Dr. E. W. Joscelyne, of my native city, Cardiff, played the eighteen holes of the Radyr course in June, 1909, in forty-four minutes. A wager was laid that he would not do the round in forty-five minutes, so, attired in running shorts and armed with a cleek, Dr. Joscelyne sallied forth and returned victorious with one minute to spare.

In 1922 Jock Hutchinson and Joe Kirkwood played round the old course, St. Andrews, in one hour and twenty minutes. Hutchinson was out in 37; he was three up at the ninth and won 4 and 3. On a recent Saturday my partner and I were round the middle course at Wentworth in under the hour and a half. This is rather wonderful when one considers that there are about 1,500 members of this club, and yet, on a Saturday, to be able to get round so quickly proves that by providing three courses congestion is avoided.

* * *

TALKING of Wentworth reminds me that I have discovered an ideal spot for a golfing week-end or holiday in that neighbourhood. The Berystede Hotel, Ascot, is twenty-five miles from London, just 2½ miles from Wentworth, less from Sunningdale, almost alongside the Swinley Forest course, and very near the Royal Berkshire. There are altogether ten courses within twenty minutes' motor run.

* * *

THE hotel, which has been considerably enlarged, is equipped with all the latest devices making for comfort, numerous bathrooms, central heating, refrigerators, a water-softening device, and an excellent ballroom. It was frequently visited by King Edward, and I was shown his favourite walk on a terrace which now leads to an American Bar. I am told that there was a dark patch on one of the ceilings which no decorators were allowed to touch, and the previous proprietor used to explain, in an awe-stricken tone, that the mark was the result of the Duc d'Orléans himself opening a bottle of champagne!

* * *

HERE, in the centre of a golfing country, in surroundings which remind one of Switzerland or the Schwartz Wald, before the first fall of snow, one can enjoy all the amenities of a West-End hotel.

An ingenious American steel-shafted iron club with a head that can be adjusted from a putter to five irons and a niblick by disengaging and re-engaging on to a ratchet by a couple of turns to the shaft where it joins the head. The picture shows the club adjusted as a putter

SHOOTING NOTES

A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK

By "CLODHOPPER"

A line of guns in action at the shoot recently given by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Emmanuel Hoyle. It was held at Marsham Moor, Ellingstring, near East Witton

IT is gratifying to hear that many hard-hit Scottish proprietors and shooting agents are already receiving enquiries in regard to the letting of grouse moors and deer forests for 1932. I understand that not a few of their applications come from the Continent and America, which would seem to point very clearly to the fact that the National Government has restored confidence in the future of the country not only amongst sportsmen at home, but also abroad. Briefly, although it may appear rather "too previous" to even mention the future letting of either shootings or beats on salmon rivers, Northern agents anticipate doing good business between now and next season.

THE slump in the letting of moors and forests was largely due to the fact that well before the opening of the season many American and Teutonic prospective lesses scented the financial crisis and decided to sit on the fence and watch developments. An unusually large number of preserves, therefore, remained tenantless. Then again, the General Election caused a great exodus of English deer-stalkers from the Highland glens and corries southward. Consequently, the total of stags killed proved to be very much smaller than in full normal seasons in which stalking is pursued from about August 20 to the third week in October.

Notwithstanding the abrupt curtailment of the recent deer-stalking campaign some interesting returns which I have just received show that an aggregate total of rather more than five thousand stags were accounted for in the Scottish forests. Fine heads were apparently few and far between, but weights were heavier than in a number of years past.

FROM a lengthy list of results yielded by various deer preserves I quote a few outstanding figures: Balmoral, seventy-eight stags, including some good heads and haunches; Affaric Forest, leased by Mr. Swire, eighty; Sir John Dewrance and his guests (including Mrs. Rich), killed seventy-seven in Brawlen; Mr. Charington's party shot fifty in Benula, and Mr. E. J. Merry the same number in Fasnackle. The noted forest of Langwell, as usual, provided splendid sport and some good heads to the Duke of Portland, as did also the forest of Loch Choire to the Duke of Sutherland. But perhaps the most notable one-day's stalking of the year was performed by Captain Combe, who, though entering into his seventy-fifth year, accounted for no fewer than seven exceptionally heavy Strathconan stags with his own rifle.

BEFORE these Notes are published the close-time for grouse, black game and ptarmigan, will have commenced. Indeed with the exception of a few weeks more late covert-shooting, pruning down the rabbit stock and vermin, or—where available—taking occasional early-morning walks over the water-meadows or a patch of bog on the "off chance" of picking up a stray duck and a couple of snipe, there now remains precious little for the inland shooter to do.

NOR is the game year of 1931 likely to be recorded in the annals of sport in red letters. Grouse shooting, like the proverbial curate's egg, has been distinctly good in some parts and devilish bad in others. Barring here and there a bright patch on the map, both partridges and wild pheasants have, as mentioned in my previous Notes, proved a complete "wash out." In point of fact the most successful day's driving at Six Mile Bottom, Cambridgeshire, and Laverstock, Hants, two of the very best partridge manors in the country, resulted in 270 and 260 brace of birds respectively, less than one-third of some of last season's one-day bags.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

ARE RATS ON THE INCREASE?

ALL who are interested in the production of game would do well during the coming months to watch carefully for the signs of rats in hedgerows and other places they frequent during the winter season. Stacks of corn and alternative sources of food supply should be examined for the characteristic holes they make, also the adjoining banks for the narrow well-padded runs which are so different from those of rabbits. Empty corn husks strewed in the fences, as disclosed by the clearance of herbage, denote recent occupation and probably winter stores of food hidden down below. If rats are at all frequently seen breaking across lanes or the crushed remains of those which have been dazzled by headlights are encountered in the roadway, there are far too many about for the welfare of game. My own belief is that in spite of propaganda for their destruction, they are gaining headway in many districts. And there can be no doubt that during the game breeding season their presence in hedgerows is fatal. Even if a gamekeeper is not regularly employed on the ground much may be done by engaging a man versed in the laying of poison, to give the whole area at least two thorough dressings during the coming winter. The weak spot about propaganda, pure and simple, is the difficulty of laying hands on a local expert who can be entrusted with a task, simple in its essence, but needing experience to ensure effectiveness and the avoidance of danger to livestock.

The host, Lieut.-Col. Sir Emmanuel Hoyle, waiting for the birds to come over

MOTOR NOTES

WHEN COOLNESS PAYS — By E. M. Wright

THE most careful driver in the world will on occasion find himself involved in a collision. But you can very often convert what promises to be a bad smash into a minor mishap by choosing how and where you will be hit. To be able to keep your head in such an emergency, and to drive so as literally to soften the blow, is perhaps the best test of driving skill I know. A friend of mine the other day found himself in a narrow street face to face with an oncoming car which, try as he might, he could not hope to avoid. Realising that a collision was inevitable he quickly decided on where he thought it best to be hit so as to minimise the damage to the car and the risk to himself; and, needless to add, braked hard to reduce, as far as possible, the force of the impact. Thanks to his foresight the occupants of both cars escaped unhurt from what might have been an extremely ugly smash; whilst his car was, all things considered, remarkably little the worse for the accident.

***

ANY fool, realising that he must hit something, can go blindly on hoping that the brakes will save him, and that in most cases is what actually happens when two drivers suddenly realise that a collision is inevitable. If you keep your wits about you you will not merely jam your foot hard on the brake pedal, but, like my friend, will steer the car so as avoid the worst of the collision. Take one everyday instance. A car suddenly emerges from a turning on your near side. If you keep straight on it will hit you fair and square amidships, but if you steer to the right it will strike you a glancing blow, and, if the other driver has intelligence enough to swing sharply to his left, you may avoid colliding altogether. Make the best of a collision—or, rather, avoid the worst. Quick thinking and steady nerves will save an ugly situation.

***

YOU cannot, unfortunately, always avoid accidents—but you can always try. If other people do the wrong thing, that is all the more reason why you should not. It goes without saying that you should know exactly what you ought to do, and that never in any circumstances should you deliberately transgress against the rules of good driving—which are, after all, but common sense.

***

BUT—and this is where so many drivers fail—you must also take into account the failings and shortcomings of others. You have not even begun to know the meaning of road sense until you have learnt to make allowances for other people's mistakes. It is a waste of time to break out into angry fulmination when some other driver commits a palpable error. Far better is it to treat such occurrences as part of the ordinary routine of driving. When the big emergency arises you will then be ready for it. You must, for your own sake, be ready for anything. The skilful driver is sometimes too apt to imagine that others are equally experienced. Regard the other fellow as a fool, and then you will be ready if he shows he is.

***

FOR obvious reasons it is at side turnings and cross-roads that most of the bad accidents occur. Here are a few hints which may save you trouble. Remember, for instance, that out of every side turning, however small, a vehicle of some sort may be on the point of emerging. I do not for a minute suggest that you should slow down to a crawl at *every* turning, but I do suggest that you should always be ready to shift your foot from the accelerator to the brake pedal without a moment's hesitation; and I do most emphatically suggest that at every big cross-roads where there is no point-duty man controlling the traffic you should slow down until you see the coast is clear.

***

IT is always worth noting what the pedestrians are doing at a crossing. If a reasonably sane-looking person is walking slowly across the road you may be tolerably certain that another car is *not* dashing up to the corner at 50 m.p.h. Often bystanders at a corner "sense" an accident before it happens; they can see the two cars converging. Sudden, rather excited, glances in your direction should put you on your guard.

A photograph supplied by Mr. Rogerson of the Press Department of Imperial Chemical Industries showing Mr. Randolph Churchill, who opened the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show, at Olympia, seen astride a Sunbeam motor cycle. On the pillion is Sir Harold Bowden, the chairman of Raleigh Motor Cycles

Hounds moving off to draw after a meet of the West Kent in the little village of Seal. The Ford car strikes a modern note in a picturesque cameo of country life

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

IN THE NEWS

Fog Discs

When experts disagree it is a rash layman who airs his own views. The A.A. state that coloured discs are useless in fog, but the R.A.C. insist that they are very helpful. Over 200,000 sets of the fog discs they introduced a year ago were distributed to members last winter, and already this year 30,000 sets have been issued. These discs are made of amber-coloured paper, and the precise tint used was only decided upon after many experiments.

However difficult, states the R.A.C., it may be from the scientific standpoint to account for the efficacy of these discs, the fact remains that the principle has earned the approval of many hundreds of thousands of motorists who use various devices of the kind. Although, obviously, it cannot be claimed that the visibility afforded by these fog discs even approximates to that obtained in clear atmosphere, it is well established that a very substantial advantage results from their use. The discs are gummed, and are thus easily fixed to the lamp glasses, and for convenience they carry black concentric circles, which enable them to be accurately cut to any diameter. They are made in two sizes and packed in sets of four, providing for both head and side lamps.

Sign your Licence

I constantly hear of forgetful friends who find themselves in the police court owing to their failure to sign their driving licences. This little omission may cost you £5, but there is a way out. If you are suddenly called upon to produce your licence, and you remember that you have not signed it, offer to produce it at a police station—as if you had left it at home. You may have to go out of your way to present it at the police station within the statutory time limit, but at least you save yourself a fine. The A.A. tells a good story of a Clerk of the Court, a Superintendent of Police, and the motoring members of the Bench, who all of them discovered that their own licences were unsigned during the hearing of a case in which a motorist was hailed before the Bench for this very offence.

A Golden Crossley at a Berkshire beauty spot. The photograph was taken by the trout stream at the mill at Boxford

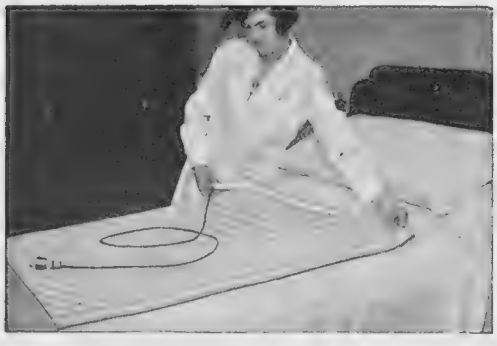
Too many Cars?

"I would like emphatically to deny that we are at present anywhere near saturation point in the motor industry," said Mr. A. F. Palmer Phillips the other day, in his presidential address before the Institute of the Motor Trade. "The figures actually show an increase of over half a million cars in use in this country in the last five years." If in the British Isles, he continued, with a population of between 45 and 50 millions, there were 1½ million cars in use, how many more millions would ultimately be required in China and India, with a population of over 700 millions?

Mr. Palmer Phillips is the remarkably capable Director of Sales for Vauxhall Motors and General Motors.

For Wolseley Cars

Wolseley owners will be interested to know that "Filtrate" (Regd.) Oil has been officially approved for Wolseley cars for twenty-five years, since September 20, 1905, and to-day holds the official approval of Wolseley Motors (1927), Limited. During all these years it is important to note that one consistent grade of "Filtrate" (Regd.) has been sent out for summer and winter use, the Wolseley Company having decided that owing to the easy starting and cool running properties of Extra Heavy "Filtrate" (Regd.) under all conditions, special summer and winter grades were unnecessary. Extra Heavy "Filtrate" (Regd.) has thus been proved correct throughout this period for all models all the year round. E. M. W.



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FOR HUNTING FOLK

Our splendid stock of Hunting Whips, Canteens, Flasks and other accessories affords a wide choice of Xmas presents very acceptable to ladies and gentlemen who hunt.

Whip No. 10.

No. 10—Hunting Whip, lady's or gent's, best whalebone, with plaited kangaroo handpart, two stout silver collars, with thong 63/-

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No. 13—Hunting Whip, lady's or gent's, covered hogskin, plated mounts and thong 30/-

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No. 15—Hunting Whip, lady's or gent's, plated mounts and thong 25/-

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No. 19—Children's Crops, with thongs, silver mounts .. 15/- & 17/6

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CHOOSE Ava gifts and you give a present of charm. Ava Soap, fragrantly perfumed with Eau de Cologne, is treated with *ultra-violet rays* to increase its power to benefit the skin and keep it soft and clear and radiantly young. Ava Eau de Cologne is always the final accent to daintiness. Give one or the other—or both in a fascinating gift box—and you will be certain of their remembrance long after Christmas is forgotten.

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EAU DE COLOGNE HAIR FIXATIVE - 1/-
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Eau de Cologne ½-oz. 1/6. 1-oz. 2/6. 2-oz. 4/9. 4-oz. 9/-. ½-pt. wicker bottle 15/-

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Christmas Number

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it is full of jollity and *joie de vivre*, with D. B. Wyndham Lewis contributing a political pantomime which is admirable fun, and the author of "Juan in America," Eric Linklater, responsible for a daring satire of the Middle Ages, which will appeal to more than the middle-aged.

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Reproduction of the Frontispiece

ALSO

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THE BORGIAS GIVE A JOLLY CHRISTMAS PARTY.

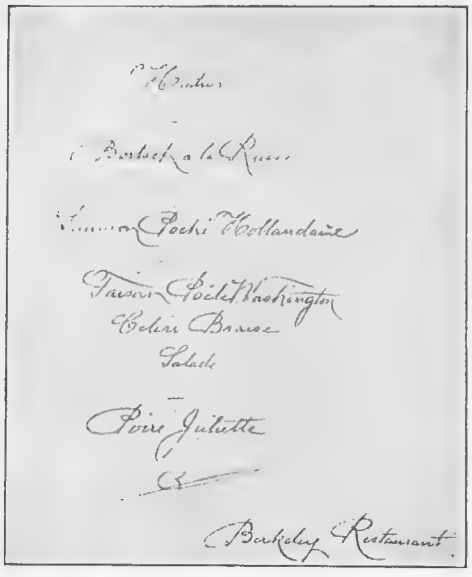
TWO SHILLINGSWORTH OF AMUSEMENT.

AND VERY CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Homard à l'Aspic

LINE some small moulds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster cut small, then some slices of skinned tomatoes. Pound some picked shrimps with butter and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with cress.



The menu of a dinner served recently in the Restaurant of the Berkeley Hotel. It will be noted that it includes that delightful Russian dish, Bortsch

Omelette aux Rognons

BREAK five eggs into a basin and beat well. Skin two sheeps' kidneys and slice them finely. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelet pan, when hot put in one small minced onion or shallot, fry a few seconds, then put in the kidneys; toss them over the fire for five minutes. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of flour, moisten with a little gravy, and keep hot. Melt another ounce of butter in the omelet pan, stir one tablespoonful of milk into the egg mixture, pour it in, and make the omelet in the usual way. When ready to fold put the kidney in the centre, fold in, and shape; let it colour a little, turn out into a hot dish, and pour some gravy round. Serve at once.

Salmis de Perdrix

ROAST a brace of partridges for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the livers smoothly, cut 2 ozs. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt some butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, a few peppercorns, the chopped ham and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly browned enough add 1 oz. of flour and brown as well; put in the joints of partridges, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of red currant jelly, a small glass of claret, and half an ounce of glaze. Cover the pan and simmer gently for about an hour. Place in an entrée dish, strain the sauce over, garnish with croûtons of fried bread, and serve with French beans à la Parisienne.

M. F. FERRARO

The presiding genius of the Restaurant at the Berkeley Hotel, who is so well known to thousands of diners-out

Meringues aux Ananas

GRATE some pineapple and mix with it some stiffly whipped cream. Serve it in meringues, with a few candied violets on top.

Luncheon

HOMARD À L'ASPIC

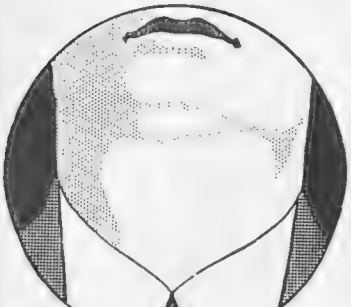
OMELETTE AUX ROGNONS

SALMIS DE PERDRIX
POMMES DE TERRE FRITES
HARICOTS VERTS

MERINGUES AUX ANANAS

CAFÉ

Prevent Colds



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Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber, 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6 a bottle.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

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Stimulating, Refreshing. Prevents Fatigue.

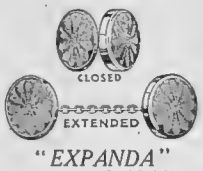
RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

THE "LADYE JAYNE" SLEEPING HELMET
Which keeps the waves in perfect order during sleep

For My Lady

No member of the fair sex need awake from a night's rest to find that the waves in her hair have suffered during her sleep, for it is now a simple matter to assure her that her hair will be in the same trim condition in the morning that it was in when she went to bed. "Ladye Jayne" slumber helmets are not only comfortable to wear, but keep the waves in perfect order during sleep, and no one who values the appearance of her hair should be without one. These slumber helmets are obtainable from hairdressers and good stores, made in cotton net at prices ranging from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 2*s.*, in silk net at 2*s.* 9*d.*, and in three grades of Nottingham lace priced at 3*s.* 11*d.*, 4*s.* 11*d.*, and 6*s.* 6*d.*



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The links which save endless trouble in sleeve-rolling

A Boon to Men

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A Unique Racehorse Game

The new table racehorse game, "Gojee" is certainly proving one of the most popular diversions of this Christmas season. This is particularly gratifying, because "Gojee" is an entirely British production. It was invented by the well-known Irish tenor, Mr. Hugh Ormond, and is, in fact, being exported in large numbers to Germany and other foreign countries. "Gojee" has several unique and thoroughly fascinating features. It realistically reproduces the conditions of such a classic steeplechase as the Grand National.

WILFRED REVELL JACKSON
A very young member of the huge cast of "Cavalcade," at Drury Lane. He appears in several scenes in Noel Coward's great dramatic success

Notable New Records

Jeanette Macdonald has recorded "Dear, when I met you," in English, and on the other side "Reviens," in French; also "Goodnight" and "Pardon, Madam," from "Viktoria and Her Hussar." Both these reproduce her delightful soprano voice excellently for His Master's Voice. Other records from the same musical show are "Mausie" and "Mama," a vocal duet in German, by Oscar Denes and Lissi Waldmuller, whilst Jack Hylton and his band play "Pardon, Madam," and "Goodnight, Sweetheart." Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham sing "Star of My Night" and "Only Girl in the World for Me"—all H.M.V. records. Alfred Rode and eighteen Tziganes play exclusively for Decca, and two of their most recent recordings are "Roses of the South," with "Wine, Women, and Song" on the other side, and "You Will Remember Vienna" and "You Are My Heart's Delight."

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A PLAY WITH MUSIC AND DANCE. Daily 2.30 and 8.15.

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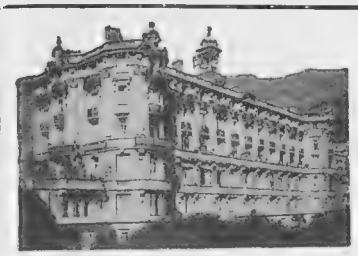

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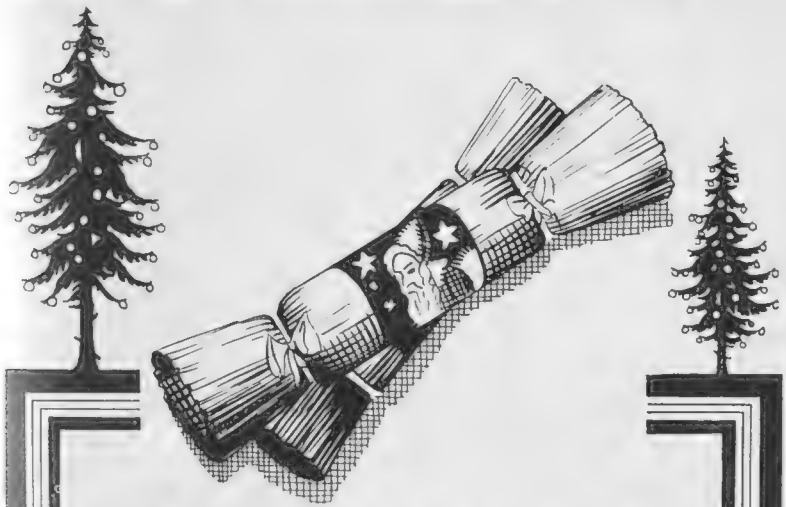

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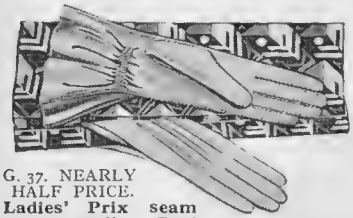

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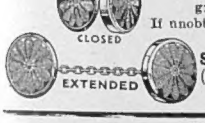

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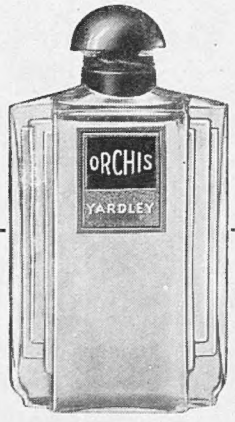

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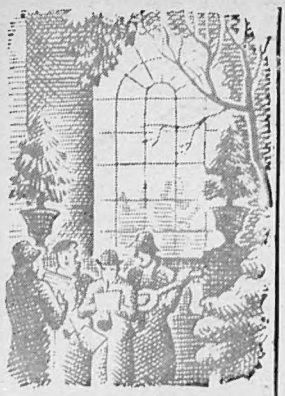

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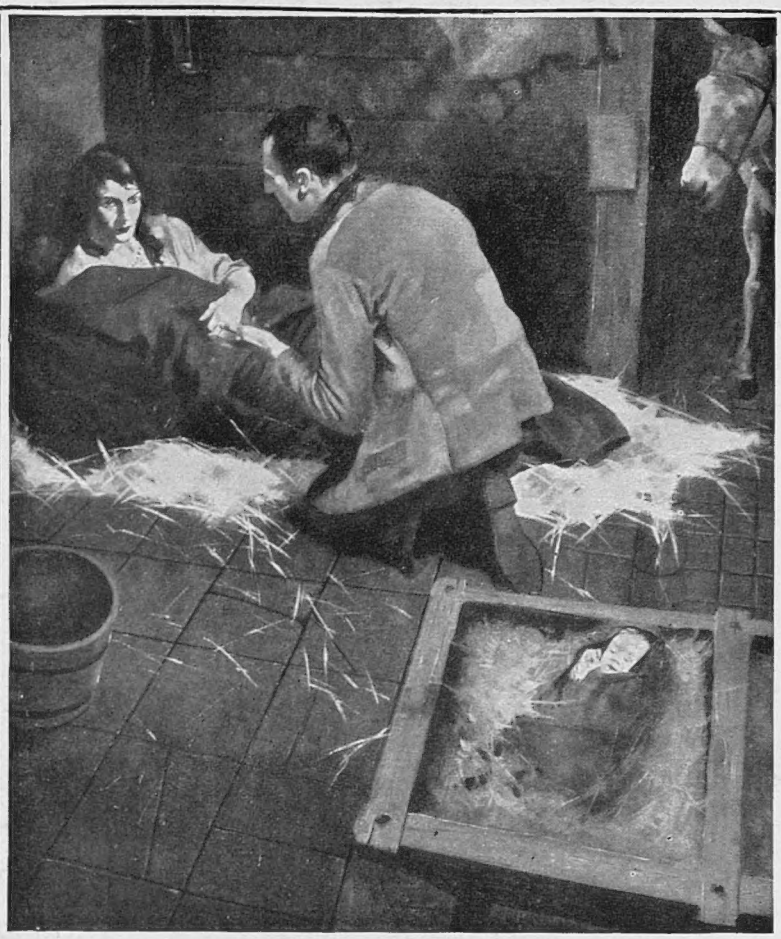

In the centre of the straw-strewn floor stood a rough manger in which lay a new-born child . . . in a corner, on a bed of straw, lay the mother, with the kneeling figure of a man beside her.

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